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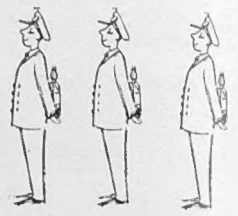

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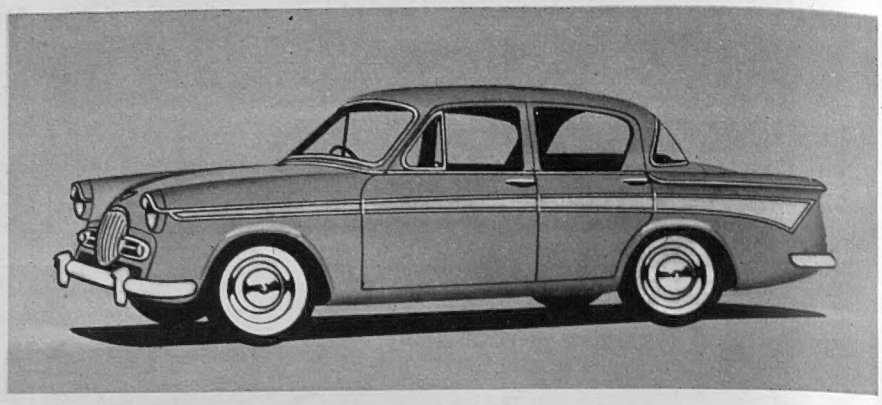

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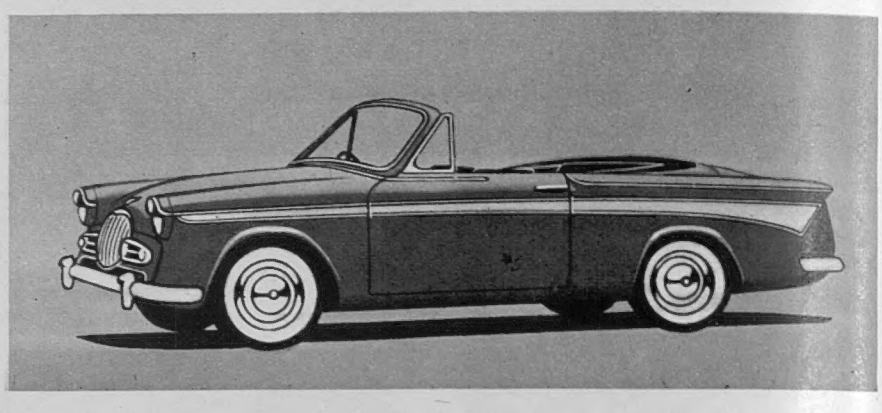

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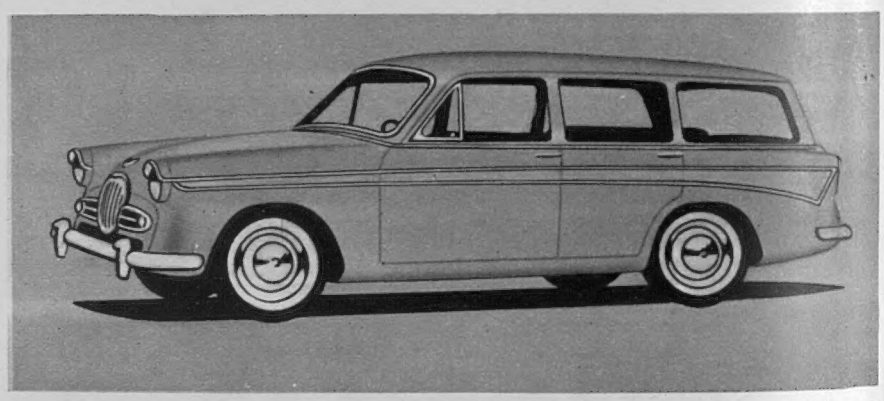

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Volume CCXLI No. 3130

THE SPHERE

London, May 28, 1960

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A NEW FACE IN THE NEWS

During the bitterly cold "nights on a bare mountain" in Paris last week, the grim face and square figure of Marshal Malinovsky, the Soviet Defence Minister, firmly fixed itself in the public eye. Whenever Mr. Khrushchev appeared he was flanked by the Marshal and by Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister. General opinion considered the former to be the chief of the Russian Premier's two "watchdogs." The significance of this role could not yet be assessed. But it seemed clear that he now represented a force to be reckoned with in the jungle of the power politics of the Soviet Union. Born in Odessa in 1898, Rodion Yakovlevich Malinovsky was a private in the Tsarist Army and imbibed the uncompromising Bolshevism of Lenin. In the Second World War, he commanded the Red Army in the Ukraine. Later, Marshal Malinovsky was in the Far East, where he remained until after the Korean War. He was the link between Moscow and the Chinese and North Korean Communist forces. Mr. Khrushchev appointed him to replace Marshal Zukhov as Minister of Defence in 1957

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NEWS SUMMARY

World Reaction After the Summit Failure; "Sixes and Sevens"; Changes in the French Overseas Community; Anglo-Yugoslav Trade

INTERNATIONAL

In the bitter atmosphere of the new Cold War, the United Nations Security Council was due to meet on Monday last to hear the Soviet complaint of "aggressive acts by the U.S. Air Force against the Soviet Union." Meanwhile, the inquest into who caused the death of the Summit, and why, continued. A surfeit of coroners issued their findings in many languages. Most held Mr. Khrushchev to be responsible and favoured internal pressure and the influence of China as the reason for his behaviour in Paris. Looking deeper it seemed there were two questions which the failure of the Summit had posed for the world:

(1) Did the proceedings, or lack of them, in Paris reveal that basically there is at present no point of compatibility between the Liberalism of the Free World and any sort of Marxism (except possibly Yugoslav Communism)? At the pre-Nato meeting before the Summit, M. Spaak touched on this problem when he spoke of Mr. Khrushchev's "co-existence" as implying a perpetual struggle from which Communism should emerge victorious. The West, said M. Spaak, sought "genuine co-operation." The Nato Secretary-General's remarks seemed particularly to the point after the debacle of last week.

(2) Had not the Summit failure shown the folly of "open" diplomacy? Paris had put on what amounted to a propaganda pantomime, for which the army of pressmen and commentators could hardly be blamed. As a result there was an increasing opinion that a return should be tried to the old-fashioned "private" diplomacy. This offered the better chance of finding points of compatibility, if any, instead of exacerbating known differences.

The aftermath of the Summit overshadowed all other news up to the beginning of this week. One result of the collapse of the Conference was that Western Europe seemed more determined than previously to set its economic house in order and make Six and Seven add up. The European Free Trade Association, or Seven (Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland and Portugal) met in **Lisbon.** Mr. Maudling, for Britain, urged that they should make a positive reply to the suggestion of the Common Market, or Six (France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg) for co-operation between the two blocs which had threatened to split Western Europe in economic rivalry. The principle to be decided was whether there should be co-operation in a free trade area or a customs union. For Britain this new attitude between the Six and the Seven raised the question of her economic relations with the Commonwealth.

GREAT BRITAIN

After Mr. Macmillan had given the Commons his version of the Summit events, both Government and Opposition spokesmen paid tribute to the efforts to avert the calamity made by the Prime Minister and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Mr. Gaitskell made it clear that the Opposition, for the most part, agreed with Mr. Macmillan on the need for facing the future calmly and resolutely. In all parties re-thinking on defence policy continued. In the Labour Party it was thought that the shock of the Summit failure would weaken the pacificist, unilateral nuclear disarmament wing and strengthen Mr. Gaitskell's position.

The end of a long period of speculation about the future of the north side of Piccadilly Circus came with the Minister of Housing's decision to turn down the plans submitted by the financier, Mr. Jack Cotton, and to ask the London County Council to think again. The background to the decision is as follows: in October 1958, the L.C.C. showed two comprehensive schemes for the redevelopment of the whole of the Circus area. Both provided pedestrian pavements at first-floor level, thus separating pedestrians and traffic. But Mr. Cotton's company, City Centre Properties, submitted a bare outline proposal for the Monico site on the north side. Throughout 1959, discussions between the L.C.C. and the private developers continued. In October of last year, Mr. Cotton showed at a Press conference plans of the proposed 13-storey office block, which made no provision for first-floor pavements. There was an immediate public outcry that it was irretrievably ugly. In December, a public inquiry opened under Mr. C. D. Buchanan, of the Ministry of Housing, at which many experts gave evidence. Now, having considered Mr. Buchanan's report, the Minister has ruled that aesthetic considerations on such an important site should be taken into account. The L.C.C. should prepare a comprehensive plan for the area to which private developers should conform. Traffic and pedestrian requirements should be considered. *The Times* said that it was difficult to find a precedent "for so weighty a vote of non-confidence" as has been passed on the L.C.C. as a town planning authority. But perhaps more important for the future, the Minister's decision may be taken as a signal to all planning authorities that greater control should be exercised over private developers, in the public interest.

FRANCE

A Bill to amend the French Constitution has now passed through both the National Assembly and the Senate. An important evolution in President de Gaulle's ideas of the future of the French Community of overseas states, it allows independent states to become members of the Community. Previously this was composed of countries which chose different constitutions, allowing a lesser or greater amount of autonomy. Chief of these were the member states, separate from the French republic, with their own constitutions and governments. But certain matters, for instance foreign policy and defence, come under the jurisdiction of the Community as a whole. The new amendment allows a completely independent state, for instance Madagascar or Mali (French Sudan and Senegal), to negotiate separate agreements with France, and, while retaining independence according to the terms of the agreement, to join the Community. (This status roughly corresponds with Dominions within the British Commonwealth.) It is thought that various members of the Community will seek this solution—the Conseil de l'Entente Group, led by the Ivory Coast, and the Congo, Chad, and Central African Republics, who have been holding discussions to join together in the Union of Central African Republics.

YUGOSLAVIA

Summit reaction was expressed by President Tito. As the Head of a leading neutralist country he suggested the uncommitted nations should instruct their spokesmen at the United Nations to urge the Big Four to begin trying once more to arrange a meeting. This proposal was widely publicised and by no means ill-received in some circles in the West. However, Moscow violently attacked Belgrade, accusing Tito of being a "revisionist" who was "helping the West."

A delegation from the British Federation of Industries arrived in **Belgrade** last week. Its purpose was to seek means of improving Anglo-Yugoslav trade. (Last year British exports to Yugoslavia were worth £11,000,000.) It is understood that there will be a British stand at the **Zagreb** fair this summer.

THE UNITED STATES

In the days after the abortive Summit, the Democrats took a much tougher line than the Republicans. Although President Eisenhower arrived back in America to a great patriotic welcome, Mr. Adlai Stevenson made a strong attack on the "errors of the administration." In a speech at a Democratic dinner in Chicago, he said that although it was Mr. Khrushchev who wrecked the conference, "we handed Khrushchev the crowbar and the sledge-hammer." The main charge was that the timing of the U.2 flight was a blunder and that the blunder had offered Mr. Khrushchev a pretext he would not otherwise have had. Open support was forthcoming for Mr. Stevenson from the Democrats. Thirty-eight, including Senator Kennedy, now the leading candidate for the Presidential nomination, drew up a list of pointed questions on the U.2 flight, which they wanted President Eisenhower to answer in a national broadcast. But there were other Democrats who felt that the United States should stand united behind the President.

THE FAR EAST

Demonstrations in **Tokyo** against the ratification of the Japanese-American Security Treaty led to riots in which over 200 people were reported injured. In the Diet there were allegations by Opposition groups that Mr. Kishi, the Prime Minister, had used unconstitutional methods to force through the ratification. Both inside and outside the Diet there were demands for his resignation.

The long-standing Chinese-Indonesian dispute flared up again with violent broadcasts from **Pekin.** The root of the matter is that the Indonesians accuse Chinese traders and, in some cases, diplomatists in Indonesia, of stirring up trouble against the Government in Jakarta. They were said to be particularly active in country districts. To counter this, the Indonesians have restricted the movements of certain Chinese.

The third highest unclimbed mountain in the world, **Annapurna II** (26,041 ft.), in the Himalaya, was scaled last week by a British-led expedition. There were conflicting reports of the progress of the Chinese-Russian party on the north slope of **Everest.**

CHILE

Natural disasters struck the South American Republic. Earthquakes and tidal waves adding to their roll of victims in various parts of the world during recent months. Last Monday the casualty list from the Chilean disasters was reported to be over 300.

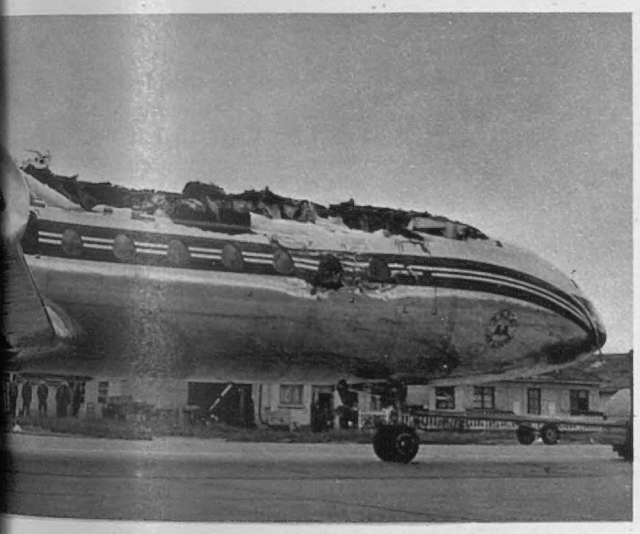
IN BRIEF

A motion of non-confidence in Mr. Ben-Gurion for expressing "heretical" views about the interpretation of the Biblical Exodus was defeated in the Knesset in **Jerusalem** by 61 votes to 6. . . . Engineers conferring in **Tashkent,** U.S.S.R., drew up a programme for the construction of sun-power installations. . . . In **Portslade,** Sussex, no children of school age have been killed on the roads for over twenty years. . . . A former R.A.F. station in Lincolnshire, at **Sutton Bridge,** is reported to be for sale.

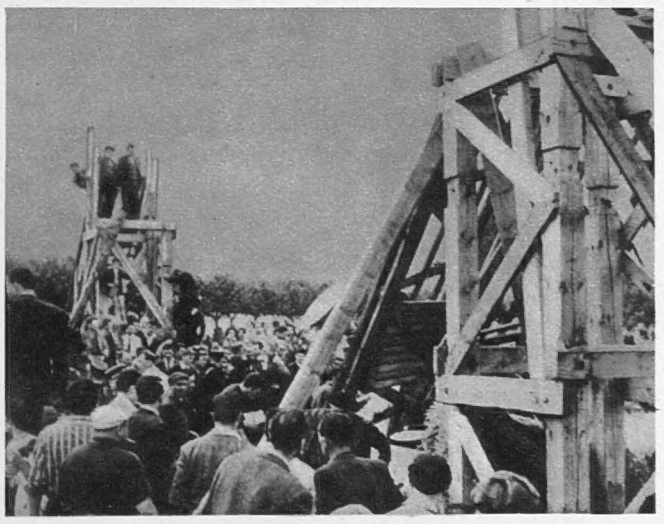
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN EAST BERLIN WITH HERR ULBRICHT (LEFT) AND HERR GROTEWOHL

When Mr. Khrushchev alighted from his aircraft in East Berlin on his arrival from Paris, he was followed down the gangway by his faithful watchdog, Marshal Malinovsky. The Soviet Premier seemed in sober mood as he drove through the streets with the East German Communist leaders, Herr Grotewohl and Herr Ulbricht. Apart from cheers from groups of Young Communists, there was little enthusiasm from onlookers. On the following day he spoke to a mass meeting. He said that the time was not yet ripe for a separate peace treaty between Russia and East Germany and he thought the present position should be maintained for six or eight months. After this period Mr. Khrushchev declared there would be another Summit. His speech was received with disappointment in Communist circles of East Germany. In the West there was relief that he had not announced any immediate unilateral action in regard to his satellite, East Germany



A FRENCH AIRLINER'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE



TRAGIC INCIDENT IN FRANCE

A crowd surrounds a wooden footbridge over the Aix-les-Bains motor racing track. It collapsed with fifty people standing on it just as a number of cars were passing during a formula junior race. Seven people were killed, including the British driver Chris Threlfall

Far left: With a gaping hole in its fuselage, a Caravelle airliner lands at Orly airport, Paris. As it came in to land, it collided with a small biplane. Only two people died, the biplane's pilot and one passenger. The other twenty-seven passengers escaped

VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

DEPORTED FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Hannah Stanton is seen at London Airport, having been deported from South Africa under the emergency regulations. She was the warden of the Tumelong Mission in the Lady Selborne native town at Pretoria. Miss Stanton was arrested and spent seven-and-a-half weeks in prison, three of them in solitary confinement

Far left: Mr. Robert Burton and his four children arrive at London Airport from Northern Rhodesia to stay with friends. They left last week after the funeral of Mr. Burton's wife, who died from injuries from an African mob during the rioting in the Copperbelt. Before she died, she and her husband appealed to the Rhodesians not to allow the incident to give rise to racial enmity. Their words had a considerable impact

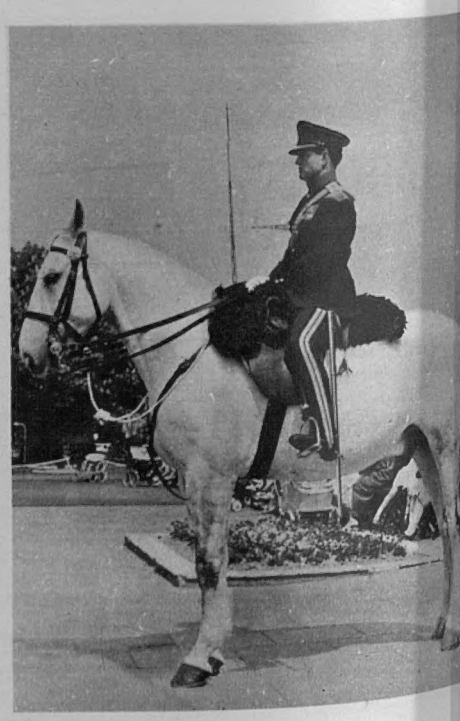
The Westminster School eight, accompanied by their launch, row up to Black Rod's steps beside the Palace of Westminster from Putney. Marking the inauguration of the celebrations of the fourth centenary of the school's foundation by Queen Elizabeth I, the occasion was taken to revive one of the school's old privileges which had been in abeyance since 1939. The eight was received at the steps by Black Rod and entertained in the House of Lords by two Old Westminsters, Lord Davidson and Lord Rea. For the celebrations there will be events throughout the rest of the year. A thanksgiving service is to be held in Westminster Abbey on June 1, which will be attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen, as visitor of Westminster School, sent a message of congratulation and a donation to the school's appeal which has been launched to obtain £250,000

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL'S FOUNDATION

The Queen shakes hands with a young music student from Hong Kong during her visit, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, to the headquarters of the Royal Overseas League in London. They were met by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who is Grand President of the League; Sir Evelyn Wrench, the founder; and Sir Angus Gillan, the chairman, and Lady Gillan

Far right: The Duke of Edinburgh visits the Lion Boys' Club in Hoxton Square, London. During the evening Prince Philip visited two other youth clubs, in Stepney and Bethnal Green. He is patron of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. The day before, he presented awards to boys and girls who had reached the gold standard in his Award scheme

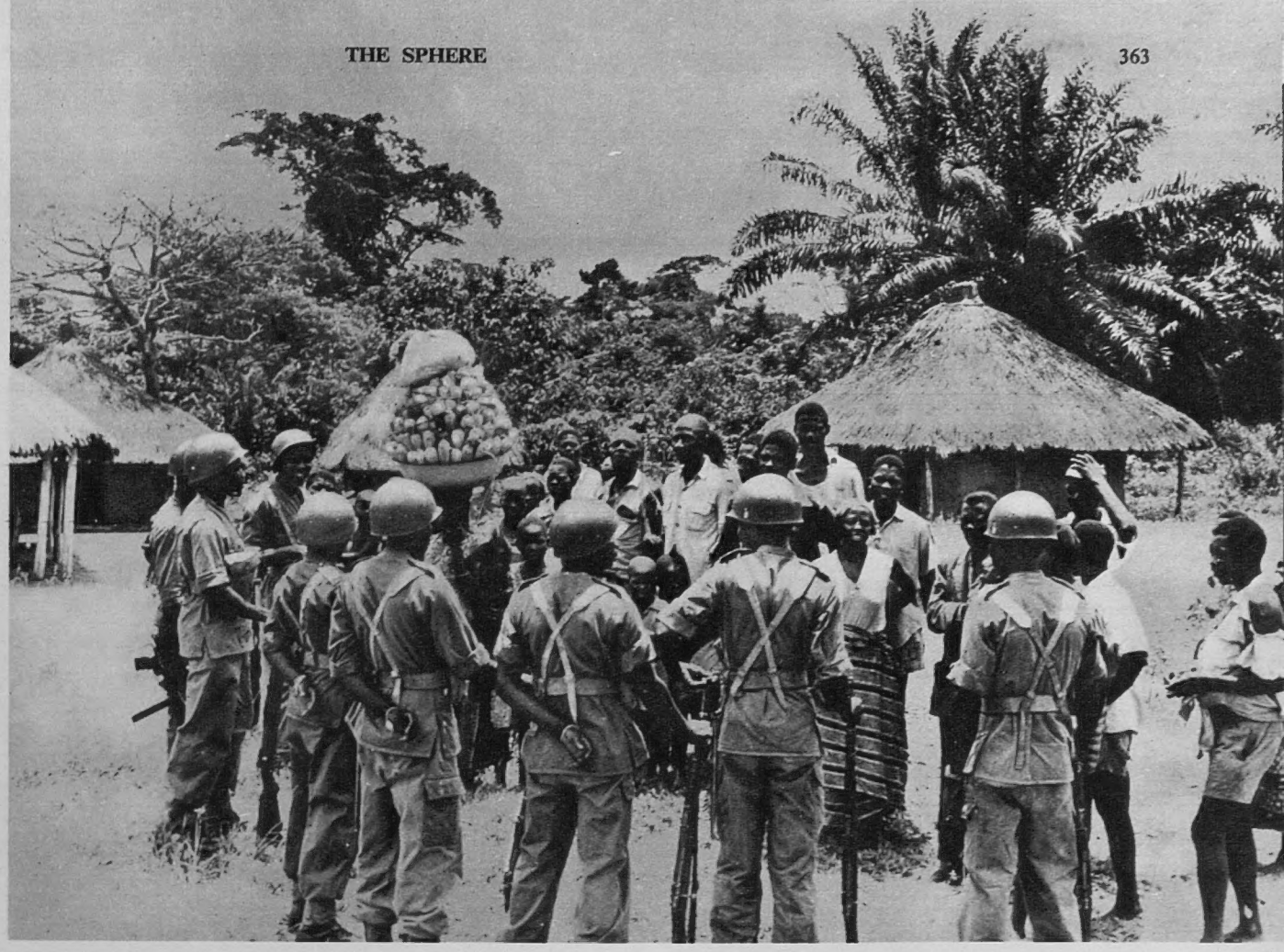
ENGAGEMENTS IN LONDON OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH



Men of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers in their brilliant ceremonial uniforms stand in front of one of the tanks with which the regiment is now equipped. The occasion was the farewell ceremonies when the regiment paid its last respects to Detmold, in Germany, its home for nine-and-a-half years. **Far right:** Lieut.-Colonel D. A. St. G. Laurie, Commanding Officer of the Regiment, is mounted on his grey charger during the last parade in Germany. The 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, who will return to Tidworth, in Hampshire, on June 15, are to amalgamate with the 12th Lancers at Tidworth in the autumn and the new regiment, the 9/12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales), will then move to Northern Ireland. In the last war, the regiment, as part of the Eighth Army, took part in the Battle of Alamein and the advance through Italy, and after the war served in Palestine and Scotland

THE LAST PARADE TO BE HELD IN GERMANY BY THE 9TH QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



PRESERVING ORDER IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

The picture shows a military patrol in a village of the Baluba tribe, one of the tribes whose feuds have been the cause of so much violence recently in the Belgian Congo. To restore order and keep the peace, reinforcements for the Belgian Army—known locally as the *Force Publique*—were sent from Brussels last week. The elections now being held throughout the country have been regarded as another potential source of trouble, but polling day in Stanleyville, one of the largest towns, passed off without incident. Credit for this was claimed by Mr. Patrice Lumumba, leader of the extremist Congolese National Movement. Lumumba, self-styled "King" of Congo, has demanded immediate handing over of power by the Belgian authorities. The country is due for independence on June 30. Its future government should emerge when the election results are known

DR. NKRUMAH IN DUBLIN

Addressing the Irish United Nations Association in Dublin, the Prime Minister of Ghana referred to his country's relations with South Africa. He spoke of the "embarrassing position" in which a change of status in the Union might place his country. A few days later, in London, Mr. Louw severely criticised Dr. Nkrumah for his remarks in Dublin

CHILDREN DEMONSTRATE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Far right: Three of the young demonstrators talk to Mr. Alec Gorschel, the Mayor of Johannesburg. About twenty children, aged between five and seventeen, demonstrated on the steps of the city hall last week, asking for the release of their parents detained under the emergency regulations. Mr. Gorschel later asked whether police were justified in "rounding up" the children, who were questioned and then released

NATIONALIST MEETING IN NAIROBI

Miss Margaret Kenyatta, daughter of the Kenyan leader Jomo Kenyatta, talks to delegates at a Kenyan African Nationalist Union meeting in Nairobi. Miss Kenyatta was invited as a "special guest." Jomo Kenyatta, who is in detention, was elected President (in absentia) of the Union

SMOOTHING NIGERIA'S PATH TO INDEPENDENCE

Far right: Chief Festus Okotie-Eboh, Nigerian Minister of Finance, addresses the meeting at the Board of Trade. Beside him is Mr. Reginald Maudling, President of the Board of Trade. At the meeting a Commonwealth assistance loan of £12,000,000 was offered by the U.K. to Nigeria. Complete agreement was reached in the talks in London on outstanding matters connected with the advent of Nigerian Independence on October 1, according to Mr. Macleod, Colonial Secretary, and the Nigerian leaders

The Queen arrives at St. Paul's Cathedral

The Royal Procession leaves the Cathedral's newly-dedicated chapel of the Order of the British Empire

Umbrellas are held over the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester as they arrive at the Cathedral

THE QUEEN AT THE O.B.E. CHAPEL

In precedence, the Order of the British Empire (which was instituted in June 1917) is worn after the Royal Victorian Order. The Queen is Sovereign of the Order, the Duke of Edinburgh is Grand Master and the Bishop of London is Prelate. At St. Paul's Cathedral last week, members of the order formed part of a congregation of about 3,000 who had assembled to witness the dedication of the newly-created chapel of the order in the crypt. Although only a comparative few were able to see the actual dedication service, the rest of the congregation followed the ceremony on closed-circuit television screens. On arrival at the Cathedral the Royal party was met by the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter of St. Pauls, and conducted to their seats for the first part of the service. Later, the Royal Family, the officiating clergy and lay officers of the order went in procession to the crypt where the Bishop consecrated the altar and the chapel. Back once more in the main body of the Cathedral, the service continued with prayers, which included the General Thanksgiving and ended with the Blessing. Finally, the Queen and the Duke with other members of the Royal Family were conducted to the West Door of the Cathedral and out into the grey morning.

The Queen (Sovereign of the Order of the British Empire) shakes hands with the Bishop of London (Prelate of the Order) as she leaves St. Paul's Cathedral after attending the dedication of the new O.B.E. Chapel in the Crypt. Her Majesty is wearing a mantle of deep pink satin lined in grey silk. With it she has the collar and badge of the order and a diamond coronet. The train of the robe is held by the Queen's page of honour. The Duke of Edinburgh (Grand Master of the Order), who read the lesson at the service, also wore the pink mantle of the order

JOHN CONNELL

WRECKAGE AT THE SUMMIT

It is not yet possible to put into perspective the brief, sensational and, in many aspects, tragic drama of the Summit Conference which never was, or to assess all its implications. Writing as I must in its immediate aftermath, with its full and shocking impact still unblurred on my consciousness, I am aware not of any sense of simple and terrible finality, but of a bewildering array of unanswered questions, the first and most insistent of which is, " Why ? " Why, why, why did Mr. Khrushchev choose to act in this way at this time ? Or was it not by choice, but by compulsion ? Those, on the Western side, who lived close to the centre of events, who held (and still hold) great responsibilities, were as baffled as external observers and commentators.

Since the issues at stake were of such stark gravity and so universal in their application, we all were (and are) participators. Mr. Khrushchev's arrogance and intransigence are factors of the most immediate and drastic significance in the lives, hopes and prospects of every one of us; it is impossible for us to stand aside and say, " Oh, those politicians, let them get on with it." Aware of our own individual helplessness we grope towards comprehension, and our gropings can only be intensely subjective. There are times when that extraordinary newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, fully merits its name, when it reflects with uncanny precision the mood and the outlook of the millions who read it. Tuesday of last week—the day on which, in Paris, the waste and futility of all the months of patient and skilful negotiation were nakedly exposed—was an occasion of this kind. The whole front page had been wiped clear of any pictorial display; in the boldest type available there were these words: " MR. K ! (if you will pardon an olde English phrase) DON'T BE SO BLOODY RUDE ! " and in a small black box at the bottom of the page, " P.S. Who do you think you are ? Stalin ? "

Irreverent and vulgar, perhaps, but a defiant and by no means ignoble gesture in the face of the biggest and most dangerous crisis since the end of World War II. In its own curious fashion it penetrated, too, to the heart of the matter. The outrageousness of Mr. Khrushchev's behaviour lay not merely in what he said but in the way he said it. He exploited any opportunity to be boorish, to snub, humiliate and openly insult the President of the United States. There has been nothing like it in international relations since Hitler's calculated outbursts of malice and vituperation. The *Daily Mirror* expressed, tersely and truthfully, the British public's primary reaction to this insolence.

For the vast mass of British people, despite their stubborn dislike of many aspects of the new Anglo-American relationship, despite their repeated displays of a highly disagreeable *schadenfreude* whenever things go wrong for the United States, cherish a great affection and a great respect for President Eisenhower which they demonstrated, in the most emphatic fashion, when he visited London last summer. It is one of the more pleasant characteristics of the British people that they do not take kindly to insults to old friends.

However, this popular protest proved as ineffective as Mr. Macmillan's, President de Gaulle's and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's tireless, skilful and urgent persuasions. Mr. Khrushchev, having delivered his totally unacceptable ultimatum, refused to budge one inch or to make the smallest concession. For nobody, of course, has the collapse of the Conference been more sheerly tragic than for the British Prime Minister. Mr. Khrushchev refrained from offering any open insult to Mr. Macmillan, and, indeed, made a show of listening to his remonstrations and his efforts to mediate—presumably with the intention of bringing about, if possible, a breach in the Western Alliance. But this outward show of courtesy towards Mr. Macmillan could not disguise the depth or the malignity of the wound which, in fact, Mr. Khrushchev was inflicting on the Prime Minister. Anyone who heard the end of Mr. Macmillan's winding-up speech in the House of Commons debate immediately before his departure for Paris could not fail to be aware of the profound sincerity of his feelings about his mission.

Inevitably, in the ruin of these hopes, one's mind returns to the question, " Why ? " What were the real causes and motives of Mr. Khrushchev's wanton and savage destruction of the Conference ? Superficially, as the statesmen assembled in Paris, he had every advantage and every prospect of striking a hard bargain, which (while producing that relaxation of East-West tensions which everyone laid down as a prime objective) could be exploited, for Communist consumption, as a great Soviet diplomatic victory. He appeared to hold all the best cards in his pudgy fist. At the last minute, with a big new space missile successfully put into orbit round the earth, he had dealt himself—or had been dealt by Russian scientists—a gleaming ace.

On the Sunday, the day on which the missile was launched, he was the first to reach Paris. At Orly he made a speech, setting out Soviet aims for the Conference, which was moderate and conciliatory in tone. A British Foreign Office spokesman described it as " hopeful and well-disposed." I myself, writing that evening for a British daily newspaper, ventured to hope that there was no unbridgeable difference between Mr. Khrushchev's agenda—" general and complete disarmament, the liquidation of the remains of the Second World War and the conclusion of a German peace treaty; and East-West relations "—and the sequence of discussions previously agreed by the Western Powers.

It would be presumptuous to complain at having so modest, and so carefully hedged, a forecast shattered by Mr. Khrushchev's actions. But like many others, I have puzzled for long painful hours over the possible explanations of Mr. Khrushchev's passionately wilful, mutually contradictory and fantastically illogical behaviour in Paris. The most feasible explanation lies, I have come to believe, in certain hidden but deep internal convulsions in the Communist hierarchy, both in the Kremlin and in Pekin. Mr. Khrushchev, for all his bluster and his clowning in Paris, is clearly not as solitary in the exercise of power in the Soviet Union as he was some months ago. Everyone who saw him on his comings and goings in France remarked that he had two vigilant companions, Marshal Malinowsky and Mr. Gromyko.

Just what is the influence which they now seem able to exert ? One of the most acute observers of Russian affairs, Mr. David Floyd, has pointed out that Mr. Mikoyan, so much in evidence not long ago and recognised as a moderating influence in the highest echelons of the Party, has now virtually disappeared. Has Mr. Khrushchev, deprived of Mr. Mikoyan's support, been forced back into neo-Stalinism, with,

Mr. Khrushchev wields an axe while he talks to tree-fellers outside Paris. A few hours later he had cut away all hopes for the Summit

as its corollary, a resumption of the Cold War at its bitterest ? The incident of the U.2 can then, if this analysis is acceptable, be seen as not only a valuable propaganda weapon against the United States, but a most convenient cover-up for a major switch in policy.

Its convenience is worth some careful investigation. I admit to having had doubts, from the outset, about the official Soviet account of the way in which the aircraft was shot down. It was all preposterously tidy, it seemed to me, from the pilot's gentle earthwards drop to the unscorched, unbattered contents of his alleged espionage kit. The technical aviation journals, this week and last, have considerably reinforced those doubts. The whole episode, bristling, like Mr. Khrushchev's later behaviour, with unanswered questions, seemed at first to serve only a tactical purpose; but there are now grounds for regarding it as having fulfilled a much wider, strategic purpose as well, and as being linked closely to the governmental changes inside the Kremlin.

Are they all therefore a succession of Russian responses to mounting Chinese pressure, an acceptance (for the time being) of the known Chinese views on long-term Communist strategy, and a hasty, well-nigh desperate reassertion of Russian political, as well as scientific and technological, leadership in the Communist half of the world ?

The search for causes, in a crisis as mysterious as this, leads inevitably into the region of surmise and speculation. The soberest and most cautious of prognostications have been fantastically falsified; the wildest, flimsiest guesses have come off. By the time these words are in print, Mr. Khrushchev will have paid his promised visit to his " friends in East Berlin," and we shall know whether or not the prophecies are accurate that he will there precipitate a new crisis. One clear conclusion, however, emerges from all the confusion and grief: if Mr. Khrushchev believed that he was effectively breaking up Western unity and weakening the Atlantic Alliance, he grossly miscalculated.

President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan stand in the garden of a villa, at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Versailles, where the former lived as Supreme Allied Commander. The time was about midday on May 17 and the President and Prime Minister had driven together out of Paris during the period when the fate of the Summit was still in the balance. An invitation had been sent by President de Gaulle to Mr. Khrushchev to attend a four-power meeting in the afternoon which, it was made clear, was to be regarded as the proper start of the Summit Conference. At the appointed time the Western leaders assembled, but Mr. Khrushchev refused to join them except on terms totally unacceptable to the West. Thus the Summit, for which the world had waited so long, ended before it had begun

MOMENTS OF SUSPENSE

b

The Queen, accompanied by Mr. Jack Hylton, passes a guard mounted by the Crazy Gang dressed as Beefeaters as she arrives for the Royal Variety Performance at the Victoria Palace, London

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN—In mountaineering, the bitterest winds, sheerest chasms and most insecure snow-bridges are found just below the summit, and the tracks of the Abominable Snowman add terror to the last effort to the top. It is so also in international political mountaineering. You and I, who have glimpsed the dazzling peak through a rare break in the cloud, set our highest hopes on its conquest and we ruefully wonder why it must always be that the winds grow more bitter and the snow-bridges more treacherous and the clouds gather again just at the moment of the final assault on which the world's salvation seems to depend. Just before the Great Powers, who had approached with surprising signs of hope and harmony to the highest " camp," are poised for the final climb, some incident occurs to revive suspicion, to elicit bitter and counter-defiant words and to set the climbers at sixes and sevens again. We are certainly not totally deceived by the technique of modern international diplomacy. We know that it is tortuous and the meaning and importance to the protagonists of propaganda and bargaining points are not beyond our comprehension. We are prepared to believe that unlucky chance is assisted by deliberate design, and that, if chance has her tongue in her cheek, so also may the world leaders. The notion of the Russians being shocked at the very idea of espionage was not impressive. Perhaps whatever hopes of success this " Summit " may seem to have offered a month ago were not reduced by the incident of Captain Powers or Russia's latest satellite. It is quite possible that at our most optimistic we exaggerated the finality of this particular Annapurna. I often think we exaggerate the importance of the influence of the V.I.P.s in lessening the tensions of our quarrelsome world. When Royalties pay official visits to trouble spots, their presence is a civilising influence and immensely popular, but when the red carpets are taken up, soon enough the truce is ended. I incline to think that peace and a return to civilisation will only come when humanity—the common Man—grows bored with eternal quarrelling; and sword and cloak and dagger, threat and fury, are driven out of fashion for a season, and Hate itself has rest. Sometimes the sword *does* outwear its sheath. History and Byron agree on that. The human race in the past has very positively benefited from brief holidays from Hate and there are faint signs on the world's face that it is beginning to realise that historical truth.

THE APPLE CART—Why then did Mr. Khrushchev commit this unexampled and unexpected brutality which seems to have wrecked the Summit Conference before it opened ? He appeared to have thrown away the wonderful position which chance and design had secured him—the champion of humanity that cries out for peace, the one leader who was prepared to make sacrifices in the supreme cause, the leader of the great nation whose scientific potential is once more proved to be years ahead of all rivals. He would come to Paris, not to exploit his power but to achieve results for the world, generously forgiving the frailties of his confrères. In a brief and shocking half-hour, he threw that position away and became once more the wrecker. In humiliating Eisenhower and America, he made them a present of the position he had built up for himself, and had maintained even after the U-2 incident. The only explanation—short of temporary insanity—seems to be sudden pressure from inside Russia and her satellites, the need to appease a gathering opposition from his own dethroned rivals. It is not surprising if we wonder whether we have exaggerated the importance of world leaders in lessening world tensions. Where do the leaders stand to-day ? May 16 left Mr. Eisenhower poor indeed, a sick man going out in diminished reputation. It recalled to us in Britain the infinite time, labour and money poured out in preparing for this Conference and the optimism expressed only a week before by Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd in its results. On the achievement of those results, it is fair to say, the last general election was in large part won, and the policies and reputations of Premier and Foreign Secretary have been based. The Liberals no doubt can make party capital out of it, if the Socialists may find it more difficult. Khrushchev's earthquake has upset the apple cart with a vengeance, and very little of the scattered fruit is left without a scar.

ONLY A GAME—The Duke of Norfolk has worked very hard for the George V Jubilee Trust and his recent experience at Wembley justified him at the Mansion House in speaking his mind on the question of good manners and restraint in sport. The wind of change has been blowing a long time, and many of us must think it has blown " sport " to the top of the Nelson Column. It *is* rather nauseating to listen to the canonisation of football-players and boxers

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

You will appreciate how delightful a gift this new " Sphere " would make for any occasion with its weekly reminder of the sender. Especially for the busy man or woman of affairs will it appeal, with its weekly pictorial coverage of world news, and its first-class writers.

If you are sending it to a friend in the United Kingdom, order it through W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman's or *any* newsagent; or you can send a cheque to our Subscription Department; if outside the U.K., send an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) to our Subscription Department—" The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

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and athletes on TV, and still more nauseating to watch the kisses and hugs from the players which reward a successful goal kicker. These manifestations, of course, are all proof of the absurd importance accorded to games in our modern world of " bread and circuses." But the players are not the chief offenders, and with reason. They play and live under restraints imposed by the organisations which provide their livelihoods and they are compelled to accept the decisions of referees and umpires, while they are continually being corrupted by the flatteries and boosts of Press and Radio into believing that they are of national importance. The history of sport shows that always corruption in sport begins outside the rings and the ropes. The tormented bears and bulls and game-cocks, the gloveless fighters of the Regency, seem to us to-day noble animals. The Hogarthian squalor and shame is found among the backers and gamblers who watch the contests. The more that sport and games are exalted to international importance, the more surely corruption must creep in from outside to inside the rings. Young people and old, if they find greatness thrust upon them, are quite ready to accept it as proved. It requires character and a sense of proportion and of humour to resist pomposity and self-importance. The Jubilee Trust is a fine conception, but I think its educational and curative and preventive aims will best succeed, if it takes its slogan to be: " Play cricket (or what you will) but remember *it's only a game.*" If the Duke of Edinburgh took a more tolerant view of bad manners in sport and was less sure of the need of trained leaders to read the Commination Service, he would probably agree that players are less inclined to get hot under the collar when playing a game of spillikins at a children's party than when engaged in an over-publicised cup final. There are more important things than sport and games, important as they are for young people; and titles and honours should go not just to players but to those who teach our youth to play all sorts of games with a sense of proportion and for the fun of them.

" ALL THE NEWS "—Of late, I have feared that the B.B.C., in its admittedly keen struggle to maintain at any rate its appeal to mere listeners, has fallen to the expedients of the sensational newspapers in their internecine battle for circulation. Some say that on TV they have done so long since and are well in the lead with cheapjack; but that I think is unfair. All they can be fairly criticised for doing is that they mix up the serious and shoddy and put them rather embarrassingly in juxtaposition. Be that as it may, one night not long ago, when there were serious matters to report, with the Commonwealth Premiers in London and Summit discussions afoot, the B.B.C. devoted the bulk of its news to a long summary of a rather sordid libel action by a Duchess's confidential secretary which exposed a certainly sordid quarrel between Duke and Duchess, and then for good value it switched to the last minutes of Chessman's life and his lawyers' efforts to cheat the gas-chamber of its wretched victim. TV reversed the programme and gave more space to Chessman with close-ups of his last Press interview and his " death hand-shakes." The sensational newspaper editors must have ground their teeth in envy. These panderings to sensation make me regret the more the decision to abandon the " Nine o'clock News," that now historic example of dignity and restraint and fair presentation, and to substitute something which may prove more " popular " and less objective and relevant.

THE EBB TIDE—Certainly the Labour Party had reason for depression when the results of the Borough and Urban elections were announced. The Conservatives never had it so good since 1949. In the main, I think, local questions decide local elections, and political questions Parliamentary elections. Often enough one political party has gained on the local swings more than it has lost on the swings of a General Election. I fancy that Nottingham and all that, exaggerated or not, played a bigger part in Labour's decline in the late Borough elections than did Labour's disunion and general doldrums since last October on world and domestic policy. That for comfort for Mr. Gaitskell as his position grows ever more solitary. But he will remember and quote " Say not the struggle." Ebb tides in politics turn, and insidiously, by creek and inlet, flow mysteriously back. No Government, no party, howsoever confidently entrenched, dares prophesy how things may be two years hence. An unforeseen trade recession, a small diplomatic " bloomer," a Zinoviev letter, a minor scandal at the top, such chances are never reckoned outsiders, and the inevitability of electorate reaction to the other party from no ascertainable cause is historically proved. The spectre of the Labour party going out of fashion, like the Liberal party after triumphant decades of glory, is not yet one to horrify its stricken leaders. Look at Sussex (" dexterous Bussex ") standing clear at the top of the Cricket Championship table. Where did they stand at the end of last season ? Where will they stand three months hence ? A lot of missed catches and l.b.w.'s and run-outs may shake those Tories before the next Borough elections and general election. The surprises of May 16 in Paris remind us of the stickiness of political wickets. In politics and cricket no side should throw its hat in the air before the stumps are drawn. In politics they never are drawn.

" GIVE HIM AN AIRGUN "—There are indications at last that the Home Office is alive to the dangers from airguns in inexperienced hands. In 1958, 700 accidents occurred from the misuse of these weapons which of late years have grown constantly more deadly. I myself can recall two tragic cases of the deaths of young boys and have read of many instances of serious injury and lifelong incapacity. Not less frequently I have read of insensate cruelty inflicted on birds, cattle, cats and dogs, by boys who want to show what their skill and weapons can do. The Firearms Act of 1957 did not include airguns and air pistols among the dangerous weapons requiring a firearms certificate before possession, and I was glad that Mr. Renton said that such an amendment of the Act was not the only remedy being examined with the police. When one considers how many lethal weapons, from shotguns to ·22 rifles, are constantly carried and used in public open spaces to-day without gun licences or firearm certificates, he can agree that amending the Act is not the only, or the best remedy. A modern airgun is a lethal weapon; in irresponsible hands it is a serious danger and it should not be allowed to get into the hands of teenagers in its present state of " efficiency." One day, it is to be hoped, the Home Office will decide that a shotgun in the hands of a " learner " is as much a dangerous weapon as a car in the hands of a neophyte, and will insist on a shooter's code and test. In my youth, when shooting was less general, a boy went through a gruelling test under the eye of his elders or the keeper, before he was judged to have acquired automatic observance of a dozen basic rules of safety and was allowed to put cartridges in his barrels.

THE OLD STAGER

At the Gordon Boys' School in Woking, the statue of General Gordon was recently unveiled. It had been brought from Khartoum, where it had stood for over half a century before being removed by the Sudanese Government in 1958

ENTERTAINMENT

Lawrence of Arabia photographed by Howard Coster in London in 1931

Sir Alec Guinness as Lawrence of Arabia in Terence Rattigan's play

ROSS

at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket

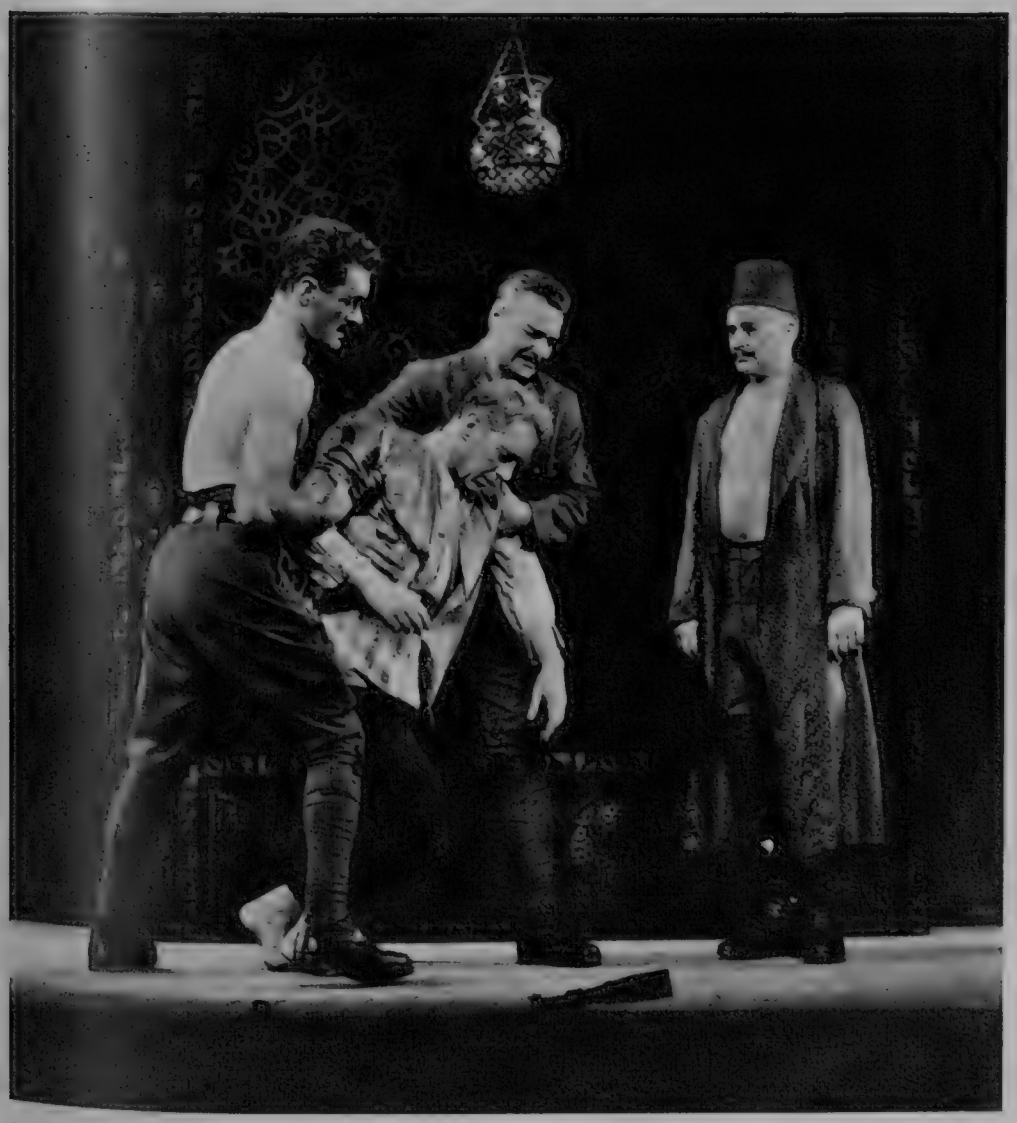
"Here is a dead land, whence, if he die not, he shall bring home nothing but a perpetual weariness in his bones." Doughty's words from *Arabia Deserta* might well stand as an epitaph for Lawrence of Arabia. Terence Rattigan's skilful dramatic portrait of this strange figure gives one answer to the problem of why Lawrence at the height of his fame should wish to hide himself under the name of Ross in the R.A.F. The play, which has been enthusiastically welcomed to the West End, opens at the camp at Uxbridge in 1922. There follows a long flashback to the war, from 1916 when Lawrence started to organise the Arabs' revolt against their Turkish overlords.

The climax is the scene in which Lawrence is captured, flogged and grossly humiliated by the Turks. From this time onwards, according to the play, Lawrence believed that he could no longer conquer the dangers of the war and the stresses of his own personality by his own will-power alone. He became even more lonely and disgusted with the barbarity of the fighting. At the end of the play, Lawrence is forced to leave the obscurity of the R.A.F., his identity having been discovered. Sir Alec Guinness, in the long, exhausting role, shows the ironic humour, deliberate impertinence to authority and harsh self-discipline characteristic of the enigmatic hero. His scenes with Allenby and Storrs are full of urbane humour.

A victorious General Allenby (Harry Andrews) poses for a photograph

Sir Ronald Storrs (Anthony Nicholls) unsuccessfully questions Lawrence

Lawrence admits to the other enlisted men that he can sing "Tipperary"—in the R.A.F. camp at Uxbridge, where T. E. Lawrence is serving under the name of Ross



A beaten and violated Lawrence is dragged before the Turkish Governor, played by Geoffrey Keen

Ross is forced to leave the R.A.F.

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

We are privileged to publish on these pages messages giving the opinions of leading Commonwealth statesmen on this weekly feature (which was first published in "The Sphere" of May 7) and on current Commonwealth problems

From: **Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan**

I congratulate *The Sphere* on the introduction in its columns of a new regular feature: "The Voice of the Commonwealth." In recent years the Commonwealth has grown impressively, and, what is more, it constantly keeps growing.

In the years to come it will attain even greater size and embrace even greater diversity. With this growth our biggest problem is going to be ignorance about each other, or insufficient acquaintance with each other, which comes really to the same thing.

Institutions such as the Commonwealth cannot be, and should not be, taken wholly for granted. There has to be unremitting endeavour to overcome apathy, enliven interest in each other and devotion to the Commonwealth family as a whole.

That is why *The Sphere's* venture deserves to be welcomed and applauded.

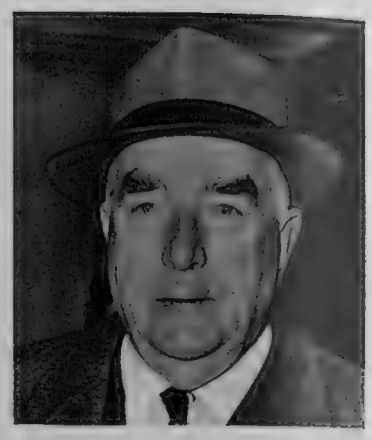
From: **The Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker, P.C., Q.C., M.P., Prime Minister of Canada**

Another meeting of Prime Ministers, the tenth since the Second World War, has passed into history.

The situation in South Africa, with its serious external implications, presented the Prime Ministers' Meeting with an issue of fundamental importance to the Commonwealth association. It was, in my view, a major accomplishment of the Meeting that Commonwealth Governments were able to make their views known on this issue without such discussion bringing about a disastrous and irrevocable split within the Commonwealth partnership. It is, of course, undeniable that the basic problem posed by the Union Government's racial policies has not been resolved. Yet I am not without hope that the informal talks which took place during the meeting may turn out to have assisted in the process of change which must develop if the Commonwealth is to retain its cohesion and strength as a multi-racial association of nations based on the principle of racial equality.

I also attach importance to the agreement reached at the Prime Ministers' Meeting that early consideration should be given to the possibility of joint co-operative action among Commonwealth countries in assisting the economic development of African countries. There is no more important challenge for the Commonwealth than to help the newly emerging nations of Africa achieve self-sustaining growth. I have made known the Canadian Government's willingness, subject to Parliament's approval, to participate in such an aid programme along the lines already existing in the Colombo Plan.

In the field of constitutional development, as with the economic needs of under-developed countries, the Prime Ministers' Meeting looked to the future. In deciding to study the future structure and workings of our association, the Prime Ministers were in effect expressing their collective determination to surmount the new problems, and to take advantage of the fresh opportunities, which will continue to arise as the membership of the Commonwealth expands.



From: **The Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies, P.C., C.H., Q.C., M.P., Prime Minister of Australia**

The more complex the structure of the Commonwealth, and the more advanced its peoples, the more will its voice in the world be important.

We have interests right around the world. In Australia, for example, we are ever conscious of Asia, our nearest continental neighbour, and of the problems presented by its growth and periodical crises between one nation and another.

But we are also deeply interested in Europe; its trade arrangement; its political alignments; its close proximity to the critical area in the "cold war" between the Soviet and the West. We hope that personal contacts between leaders may in the long run do much to ease tension. But we realise that permanent and healthy peace will depend upon an attack upon causes. One of the greatest of these causes is the continued enslavement of some of the old European democracies which have become the unwilling colonies of the new Russian Imperialism.

The forum offered by *The Sphere* will, I believe, prove of very great value.

From: **Senator the Hon. Edmund Cooray, C.M.G., O.B.E., Minister of Justice, Ceylon**

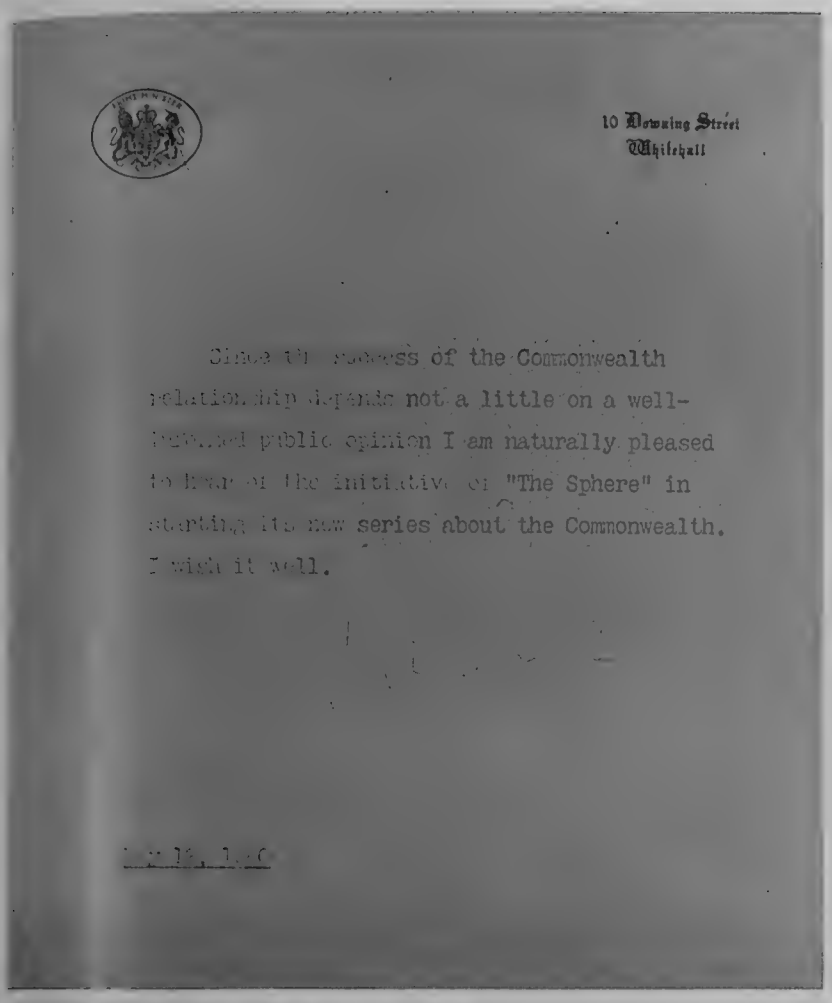
At this particular juncture in the history of the Commonwealth when so many significant changes are taking place in its composition and structure, the Press can help immeasurably in bringing about a greater interest and understanding of its many and varied problems. Hence it is a matter for gratification that a popular journal like *The Sphere* should have introduced its new feature, "The Voice of the Commonwealth," which will provide a forum for the expression and exchange of ideas on this subject.

In my opinion the problem of major interest facing the Commonwealth is the extremely low standard of living prevailing in the under-developed countries of the Commonwealth to-day. The importance and the urgency of solving this problem on a co-operative basis was recognised by Commonwealth countries when, at a meeting of Commonwealth Ministers held in Colombo in January 1950, the concept of the Colombo Plan was put out to the world. Under this plan in the last ten years Commonwealth countries have co-operated in assisting economic development in South and South-East Asia.

Economic aid, however, though it makes a significant and valuable contribution, plays only a marginal role. It is only by a substantial expansion of world trade that it would be possible for the primary producing countries of the Commonwealth to achieve an appreciable increase in their export earnings. Recent improvements in world trade, however, show that such expansion has been of more benefit to industrial countries and hardly of any benefit to the under-developed countries.

It is necessary, therefore, that there should be expansion of world trade on a basis of international action and co-operation which can enable all countries to reap proportionate benefits on an equitable basis. For example, I might mention, when international commodity arrangements are discussed, it is ironical that certain industrial countries should insist that the laws of supply and demand should govern world trade when, in fact, they have abandoned these economic principles as far as their own internal policies are concerned. International understanding and co-operation are very necessary in the interests of world prosperity and peace.

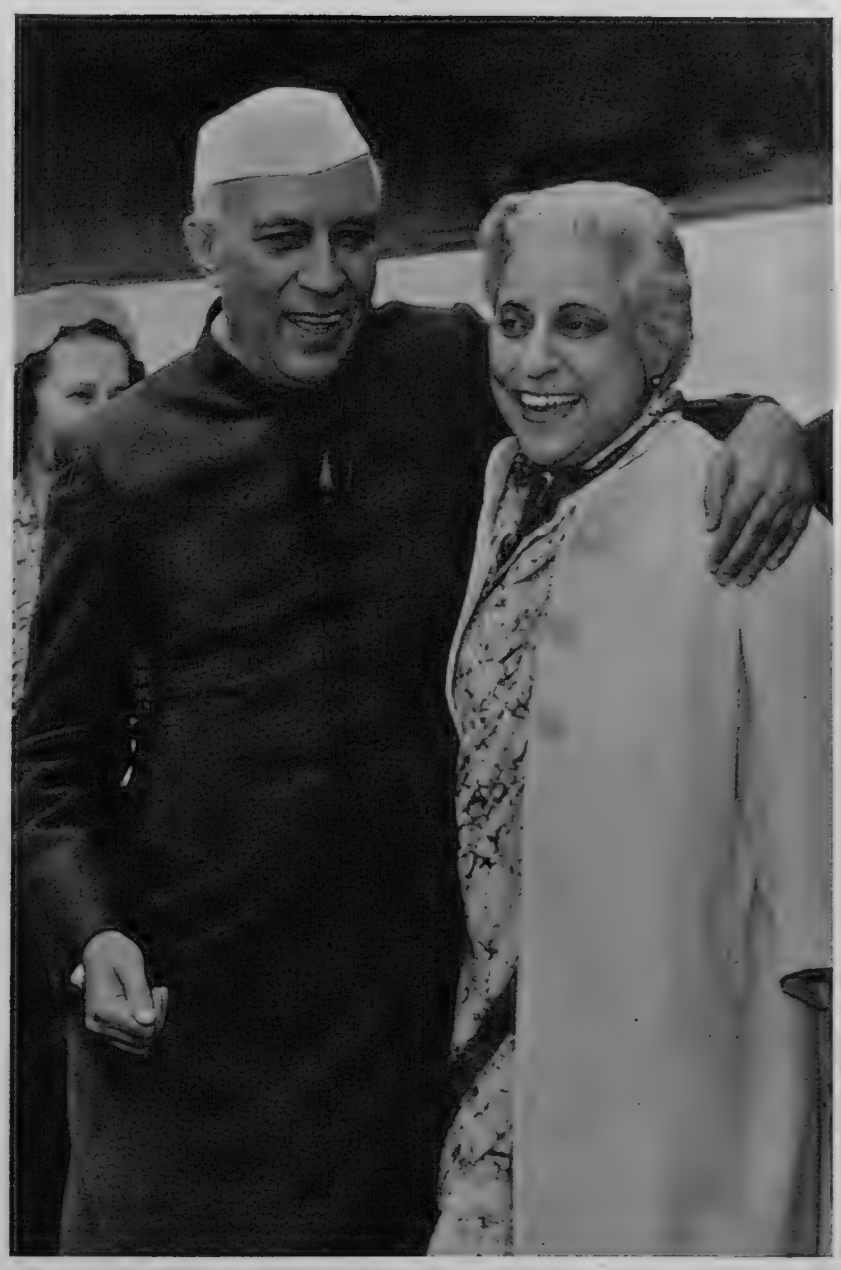
WEALTH



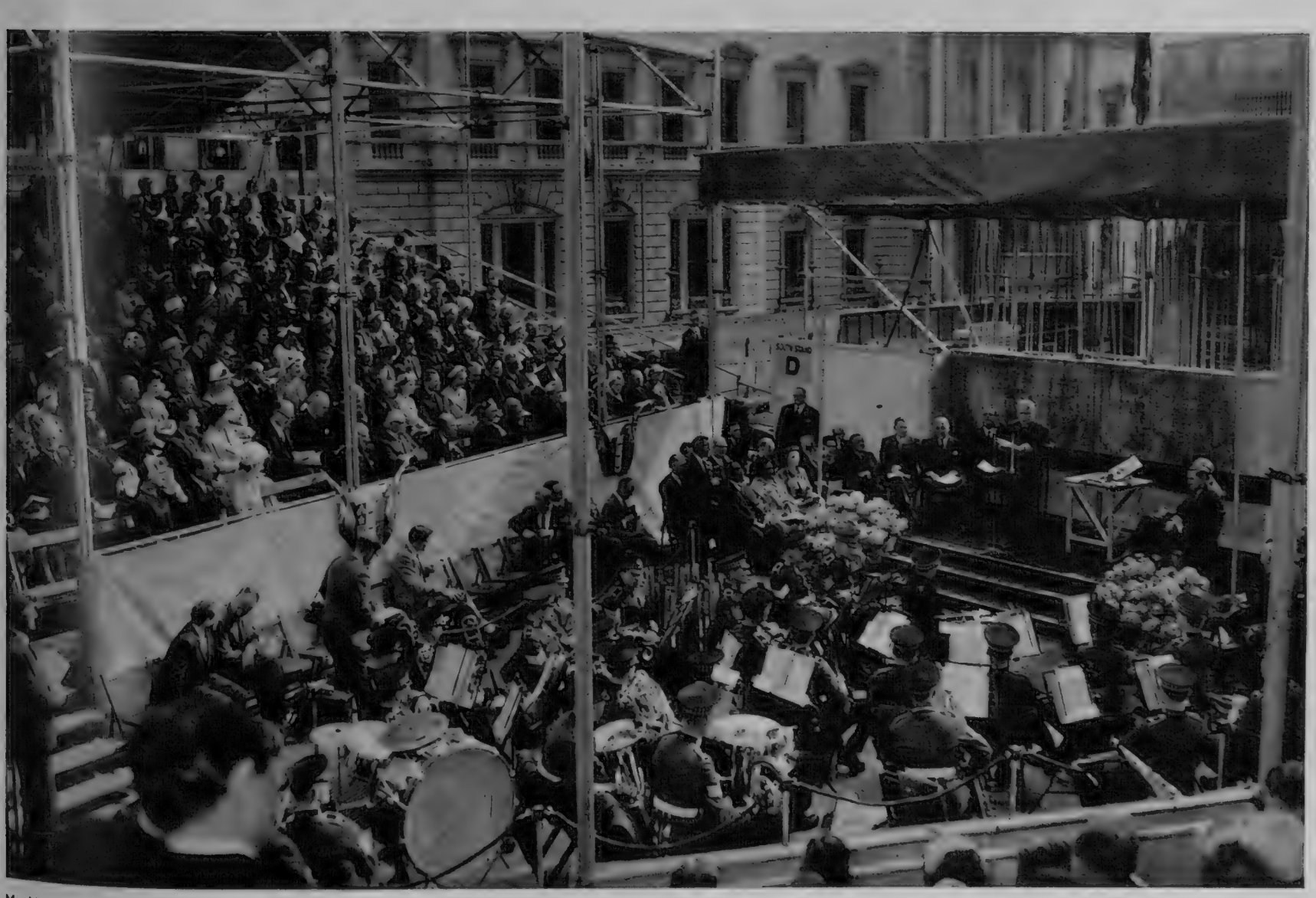
10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Since the success of the Commonwealth relationship depends not a little on a well-informed public opinion I am naturally pleased to hear of the initiative of "The Sphere" in starting its new series about the Commonwealth. I wish it well.

From: The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, P.C., M.P.



Mr. Nehru and his sister, Mrs. Huthee Singh, at London Airport



Mr. Walter Nash, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, speaks after laying a foundation stone for the new New Zealand House in London

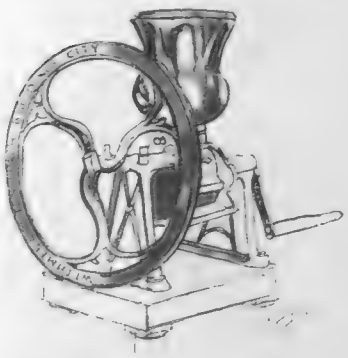
The exterior of No. 3, St. James's Street, London

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 3

BERRY BROS. & RUDD

Curiously enough, the first features which strike anyone entering No. 3, St. James's Street have nothing to do with wine. One is the Coffee Mill, a reminder that the early Berrys and their ancestors were grocers, or "Italian Warehousemen." The transformation into wine merchants exclusively occurred gradually through the last century. The other feature is the famous Great Scales. For nearly 200 years customers have been entitled to sit in the chair of the Scales and their weights have been recorded in the Weighing Books which are kept in the firm's archives.

The registers are a fascinating history of the avoirdupois of politicians and peers, leaders of society and the eminent in other walks of life. The less well known have always been, and still are, equally welcome to call in to be weighed and add to the entries in these unique volumes.



The Coffee Mill recalls days past

The atmosphere of Berry Brothers and Rudd is more like that of an Oxford College Buttery than of a shop. On the shelves is a display of bottles of different periods which is said to be more embracing than the collection in the British Museum. Behind the shop is the Parlour, so called because it was once part of the quarters in which early Berrys lived. On its eighteenth-century panelled walls are Spy cartoons of customers of the past. To-day this sanctum is the office of Mr. Anthony Berry, one of the directors. Another director is Mr. John Rudd, son of the late Major Hugh R. Rudd, who was an experienced wine merchant from East Anglia and joined Berry Brothers after the First World War.

Naturally, Mr. Berry delights in talking about the past and his family's history. But the firm also lives very much in the present. It is encouraging to learn that trade—domestic and export—has greatly increased in recent years and that the younger generation show as keen an appreciation of wine as their forbears. A sign of the times is that orders tend to be frequent and small, because many customers live in houses or flats without cellars. Those who properly hold that "good wine will make glad the heart of man" will always find No. 3, St. James's Street a source of profound happiness.

Prominent in the interior are the famous Scales. Customers' weights have been recorded for nearly 200 years

A queue for free rations in Valley Road, Kowloon, at a centre run by a religious welfare organisation

HUMAN PROBLEMS OF HONG KONG

One Person in Every Three is an Immigrant or Refugee

During World Refugee Year, Hong Kong deserves special attention. Since 1946 its population has about doubled. At the end of last year it was approaching 3,000,000, and when the next census is held in 1961, it is expected to be close to 3,600,000. The staggering increase in the number of inhabitants is in part due to indigenous population. But the chief cause for the growth is undoubtedly the influx of refugees and immigrants into the colony from China. Hong Kong's problem is a particular one. The refugees cannot be regarded as " displaced persons," in the European sense of the term, who can be put into temporary camps while waiting to emigrate farther afield. Few countries will take Chinese immigrants and none more than a very limited number.

Ever since this situation became apparent, the authorities and others in Hong Kong have squarely faced it and set out to tackle it. It is significant that an official booklet (first issued in 1956 and brought up to date early this year) is entitled *A Problem of People*. The Colony sees its task in terms of the resettlement of human beings—men, women and children.

Much has already been done by the Hong Kong Resettlement Department, the Hong Kong Housing Authority and other Government departments working in close association with religious and many voluntary organisations. Indeed, the basis of progress has been the co-operation of all concerned in ensuring that the less fortunate have the opportunity to live in decency.

(*Continued on following pages*)

Young Inhabitants of a shack on a tenement rooftop

HUMAN PROBLEMS OF HONG KONG

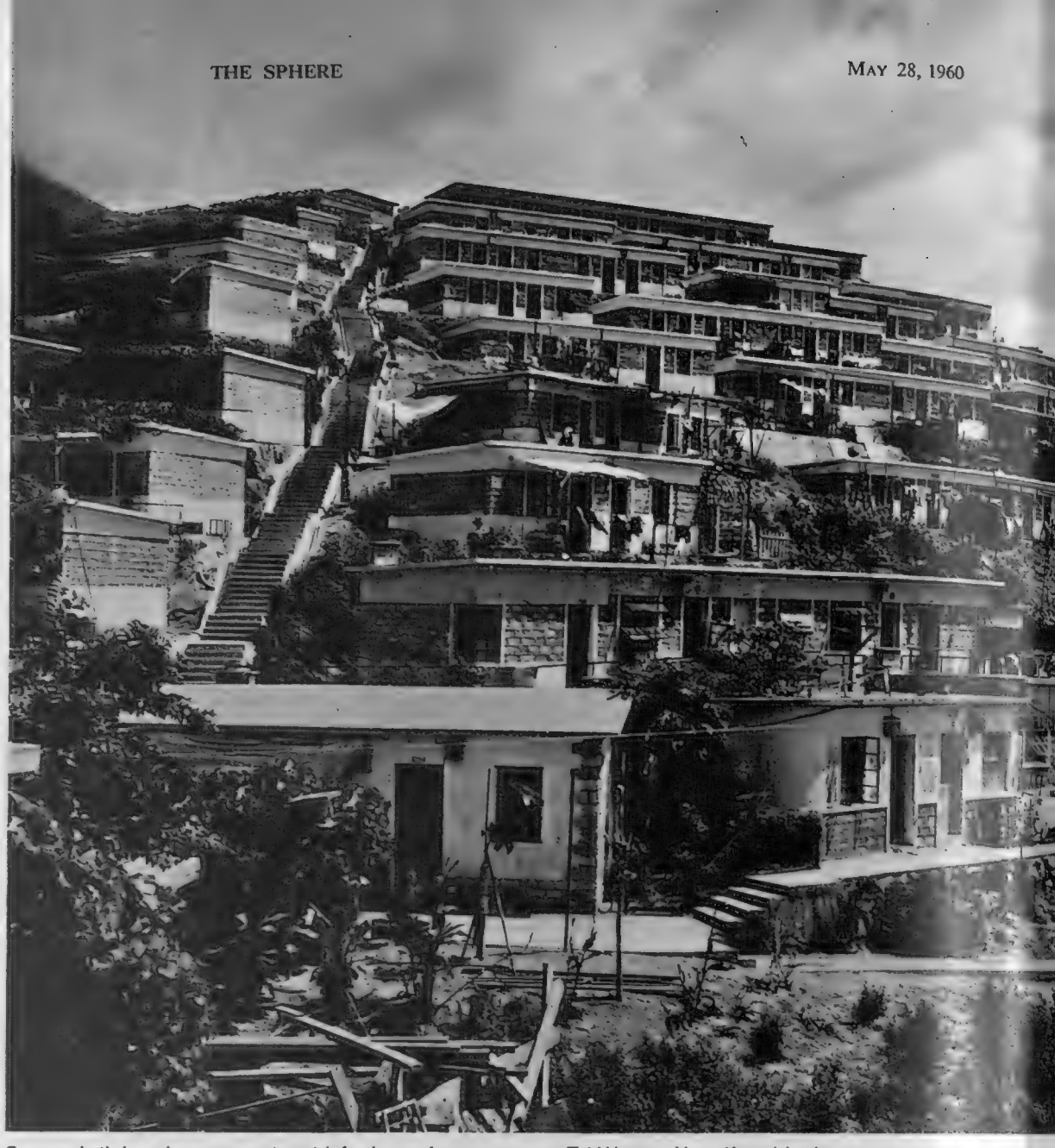
(*Continued from previous page*)

A few figures give some idea of the achievement to date. In the housing programme, up to the end of last year, 230,000 people had been resettled in over 100 estates of multi-storey blocks of flats or in cottage areas. The Government's total capital expenditure on housing to March 31, 1959, exceeded £6,100,000. Yet rents must be kept low to be in reach of the poorest tenants. A standard room of 120 sq. ft. costs 17s. 6d. a month, inclusive of rates. Voluntary housing societies supplement the Government's programme.

Nevertheless, there are still thousands of squatters crammed into filthy tenements, always open to danger from fire, collapse (many of the buildings are very old) and disease. World Refugee Year is seeing an extra hard drive to move these inhabitants and resettle them.

An important addition to the medical service was started last year when the Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation-stone of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Kowloon. The completed buildings will have 1,320 beds to add to the 7,702 beds in the existing hospitals.

Schools are an insistent demand—500,000 pupils are being educated at present—and the work undertaken in various fields of welfare by a hundred voluntary bodies in the Colony is an epic story in itself. Hong Kong does not yet know how much it will receive from the funds collected during World Refugee Year. It has planned an extensive programme on the basis of a figure of £2,500,000. But still larger sums will be required before, to quote a senior Government official, Hong Kong will be able to talk less of its "problem of people" and more of its "wealth of people."

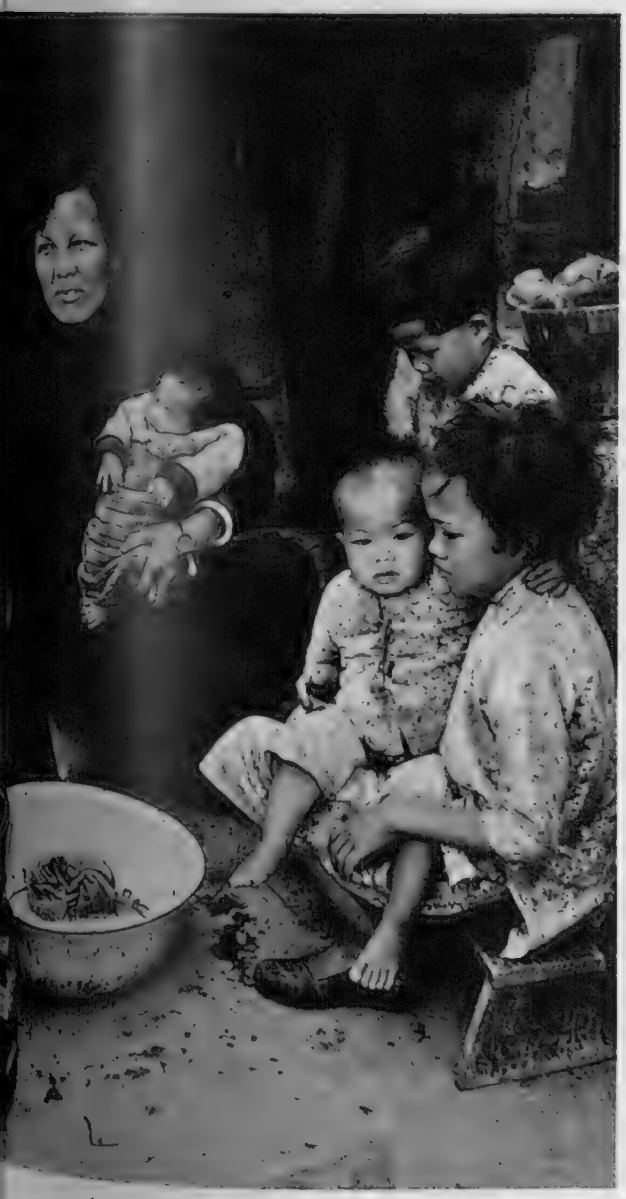


Cottages built by voluntary agencies with funds sent from overseas at Tai Wan, on Hong Kong Island

A rooftop school and, *below*, a parent gives a lesson in the writing of Chinese characters

Outside a clinic. The authorities give special attention to medical care of children

Shanty dwellings are packed from ground to roof level. Some 300,000 people live in ramshackle and insanitary squatter shacks



A squatter family in Kowloon awaiting resettlement

The crêche at St. Stephen's Church School is one of many such infant centres

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THATCHING BECOMES POPULAR

There is a picture-postcard beauty about thatch which cannot be equalled by any other form of roof. It makes an instant appeal to the eye; and it is the dearest wish of many an English townsman to end his days in a thatched cottage in the country. It is because of this that thatching, almost alone of the old country crafts, is booming. But thatch was not originally used because it is beautiful to behold, though that is certainly the chief reason nowadays. Originally it was used because it was cheap. It is the oldest of all forms of roofing. Almost any sort of fibrous vegetable material can be used for thatch. Straw is by far the most common: but reed, sedge, heather, fern, turf and even golden rod are also used for thatching in the British Isles. There are many crofters' cottages in the north-west of Scotland which are thatched with turf, and a year or so ago I saw two small buildings in Dorset which were thatched with the dry stalks of golden rod.

It is not only buildings that are thatched. Shepherds' lambing-hurdles are frequently thatched (albeit, rather roughly) and you may still sometimes see farmyard walls with a coping of thatch. Once, it was the universal custom to thatch ricks. There even grew up over the centuries a sort of regional design in ricks: the ricks of Wales and Scotland, and many parts of the west of England, were round: those of the south of England and the Midlands were rectangular: those of East Anglia were boat-shaped. You will notice that I use the past tense. It is sad to have to say it, but ricks are fast disappearing from Britain. Their place is being taken by the bale, a cube-shaped lump which has none of the artistry and beauty of a well-made rick; and by the Dutch barn. This is now taken to be a sign of progress, but I fancy that the real reasons for the disappearance of the rick are the shortage of farm labour and steeply-rising costs.

Thatching is a job that many a farm labourer can (perhaps I should say " could ") do passably well between other jobs on the farm. But thatching is a craft which very few men can do really well. The few who become expert in the art are not employed on the farms as labourers. They are their own masters, usually employing several assistants, and often doing work many miles from their homes. This is not to say that the expert thatcher no longer works on farms, but it would be true to say that he does so less and less and that his attention is more and more confined to buildings, for that is where the money lies.

At work on the roof of a cottage in the Quay Valley, in Cornwall

Thatching with Norfolk reeds, Cambridgeshire

Straw cannot be used just as it comes to hand. It must first be straightened and bundled. (The country name for these bundles is " yealm," and straightening the straw is called " yealming." I do not know that I have spelt those words correctly because the pronunciation varies so greatly from district to district.) Straightening straw looks too easy for words. The expert just gives it a few swift strokes with his hand and perhaps a light pat or two here and there, and there is the straw as straight as can be. I have tried: all I got was bleeding hands and straw that would not straighten.

Yealms are not made to a standard size. All that is wanted is a size convenient for carrying under one arm without difficulty. Actually, each yealm is made up of a number of smaller bundles (usually five), which are tied together with a piece of twisted straw called the " bond." The bond is made from rick straw with the aid of a tool called the bond-twister (or sometimes the " whimbel "), which looks like the starting-handle of a car. It takes two men, one working the twister and the other guiding the straw from the rick, about three minutes to make a bond 3 ft. long. But recently I have seen bonds of garden twine and even of string. Progress again. This time, I must say, it strikes me as a good idea.

The only other essentials of the thatcher's craft—save the skill in building or " laying " the thatch—are the " spars," " spickets " or " pegs ": the name varies with the district. Spars are always local products, cut from rods of hazel or withy, which are usually about 2 ins. thick. Spar-making is done with a " spar-hook," which is not a hook at all, but a small, short-handled blade, kept razor-sharp. A good spar-maker can split the " gads " (the withy rods) exactly down the middle, and then put a point on each end, with only three swift strokes. They are made in two sizes: " yard spars," which are 3 ft. long, and " short spars," which are 2 ft. long. Not so many yard spars are made now, for short spars are used on cottages and houses, though I do not know that there is any particular reason for this. The thatcher with a pride in his work will make a pattern with his spars, especially near the eaves and at the ridge, on cottages and houses; but he will very rarely bother to do so on a rick. Strangely enough, the patterns vary very little from district to district. The most common are St. Andrew's crosses and parallel lines.

It is odd, when you come to think about it, that there should now be a boom. For thatch, which was once the cheapest of all forms of roofing, is now one of the most expensive; probably the most expensive. It is becoming steadily more and more so. (Thirty years ago it would have cost £10 to thatch a small cottage: to-day it would cost £120 to thatch that same cottage.) The cost is not the end of it: insurance is heavier. Thatch does not last for ever anyway: what nesting birds can do has to be seen to be believed. There is a widespread belief that it is warm in winter and cool in summer (presumably, warmer and cooler than tiles or slates): I have lived under thatch and I do not believe it. But I do not think that this has anything to do with the vogue for thatch. I think that there may be at the bottom of the demand a feeling for " traditional England," for " picture-postcard England." But I think also that it is another manifestation of " never having had it so good."

Country people, usually realists, do not, on the whole, like thatch. So you have the rather extraordinary situation of cottages, the thatch on which has worn, being re-roofed with tiles or even, sometimes, with corrugated iron; while in the same area new houses are being built for the gentry with thatched roofs. They are very nice to look at and they are very good for the thatchers, few of whom would from choice live in a thatched house. But there is no doubt whatever that country people like to see a new house being thatched or an old one being re-thatched by new tenants. As one Somerset countryman said to me with smug satisfaction: " They don't know where they be to." Anyone who knows his countryman will realise what lies behind such a remark.

"Olympia," by Uli Nimptsch—one of the sculptures in the L.C.C. exhibition

The tensions of the human body—Reg Butler's "Figure in Space"

SPENDING THE SUMMER IN BATTERSEA PARK

The fifth of the London County Council's triennial exhibitions of sculpture has returned from Holland Park, where it has been held previously, to its original home in Battersea Park. There are forty-two works on show every day until dusk up to the end of September. Mostly they are the work of English sculptors whose work has become famous, in some quarters notorious, in the years since the war, but there are also contributions from France. Seen against a background of grass, flowering shrubs and trees, the works take on a new vitality free of the constraint of the museum or exhibition hall. Each work is allowed a generous amount of space so that the visitor is not distracted by the sight of another work out of the corner of his eye. Dominating the display is the powerful, gaunt "Ecce Homo," by Epstein, carved from a large, white block of stone, and about which there has been so much controversy. The other works in the exhibition present a nice blend of the abstract and the realistic, the striking and the charming.

"The Violinist," carved by the French sculptor Siegfried Charoux. "Queen Matilda," carved by R. B. Claughton in mulberry wood. **Right:** Epstein's "Ecce Homo," sculpted in white stone

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The high cost of construction to-day does not seem to have the retarding effect on the development of yachting one would expect. Perhaps the general boom in sailing is not a good enough proof of this, as the greatest increase is in small, inexpensive craft. But the amazing success of the South Coast One Design Class is a case in point. The origin of this class dates back to 1955, when a suggestion was made to Charles Nicholson by a few Solent yachting enthusiasts, including Bobby Lowein and Franklin Woodroffe, that he should produce a small yacht, equally suitable for cruising and class racing. As I remember well, the cost of such an ideal yacht was to be around the £1,000 mark.

The effort was made, and in the first year the first six South Coast One Designs were launched and immediately scored exceptional racing successes. It is true the cost was even then well above the target. They were reputed to cost about £1,400 without allowing any profit to builder or designer. But from every other point of view, these sturdy 6-tonners did what was expected of them, and more. In the Round the Island Race of the following year, out of 128 starters the first six places were taken by S.C.O.D.s.

Over sixty of these boats have been built up to date, and the secrets of success seem to be speed, easy handling, and reasonable comfort for the crew below. No one seems to object to the cost, now between £2,300 and £2,800, according to which of the half-dozen or so authorised builders is chosen. The class is governed by an active Owners' Association. The rules, which are strictly enforced, preserve the one-design character and this makes for first-class racing. The S.C.O.D. is ideal for those who love their racing but also want to live aboard.

Although construction is kept simple to save cost, they stand up to hard usage well. Hugh and Betty Evans, the intrepid owners of *Aderyn* (Sail No. 1!), still go on winning races, and so does the designer, Charles Nicholson, who has owned *Caviare* (No. 6) for the last three years. Bobby Lowein, another founder-member of the class, who was made Yachtsman of the Year last year, cruised in *Lullaby* (No. 4) to the Baltic, covering nearly 3,000 miles without a hitch. Its double qualities for racing and cruising makes the S.C.O.D. the ideal club boat. The John Lewis Partnership S.C. has just had its second one launched, and the newly formed Royal Armoured Corps Y.C. has acquired *Troika* (36) as the club boat.

In spite of the calm shown outwardly, there was perhaps a little consternation discernible in the statements made by the interested groups on the British side when the news of the Australian challenge for the America's Cup was announced a few weeks ago.

Having had time to think, I feel it must be realised by now what a good thing this might turn out to be in the end. It gives an additional breathing space of one or even possibly two years. You cannot have too much time to prepare for such an undertaking as challenging for this great trophy. I cannot help feeling that even the members of the Red Duster Syndicate, whose plans are by far the most advanced among our potential challengers, must be breathing a sigh of relief. It should be remembered that their programme of scientific tank and full-scale testing has not even made a start.

I know from Owen Aisher, who declared his intentions a fortnight ago, that he is not going to give the matter his full attention until the Olympic sailing regatta, with all its problems, is out of the way.

The South Coast One Design *Caviare*, owned by Mr. C. S. Nicholson

The latest of the S.C.O.D.s, *Norama*, owned by the John Lewis Partnership S.C., is launched

Driving on to the broad fairway of the 480-yard-long third hole

The captain, Mr. E. R. Ambrose, and the secretary, Group-Captain A. King-Lewis. **Above right:** Professional Harry Adams. **Right:** Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Thomas, Mr. A. Penna, and Mr. R. Thomas

Below: Mr. F. Sirl, Mr. G. Soloman, Mr. T. Soloman, and Mr. H. Tribe on the green of the 12th hole

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

CAMBERLEY HEATH

Known as the home of the Army's golf, Camberley Heath lies among the heather, bracken and pine trees of Surrey. The club-house is off the A.30, after it has passed through Bagshot, and the club drive starts at the 29th milestone from London. Owing its existence to J. F. Wright, later the club's first captain, the course was laid out by H. S. Colt, and completed when he left for America by F. G. Waterer. In the first of two inaugural exhibition matches just before the First World War, Mr. Waterer and the professional W. Toogood played Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Jack White. From the beginning the club had become the Army's golfing headquarters, and in the '20's Captain W. H. H. Aitken set up the amateur record for the course with a 68, which included a second half in 31, a display of prodigious hitting. The same player in a wager once put four drives out of six on the green of the 340-yard-long 18th hole, which has a long curving fairway up to the ridge by the club-house. An outcome of the interest shown by the nearby Army Staff College and the Royal Military Academy is the annual Generals *v.* Admirals match, last played at Camberley Heath in 1950. The Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) and King George VI (then Duke of York) used to play in this match in dual capacities, for one side in the morning and for the other in the afternoon. One general was reported, in 1930, to have said : " My admiral went round in 72 words, which is three under bogey." The course is 6,173 yards long and the standard scratch score is 72. (Some local partisans claim that it is four shots more difficult than Sunningdale.) One feature is the heather, known as " the wire netting."

Mr. J. B. Winckley, Mr. C. G. Robertson, Mr. D. A. Andrews, Mr. D. Pope

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Richard Costain

In Rhodesia, near the site of the Kariba Dam formally opened by the Queen Mother last week, is a new town built to accommodate 10,000 workers by Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd. Finished well ahead of schedule, it is an impressive achievement by the giant contract group. Sir Richard Rylandes Costain is chairman and joint managing director of Richard Costain Ltd. and director of subsidiary companies. It was founded on Merseyside in 1865 by Sir Richard's grandfather, whose son, the late Mr. W. P. Costain, established the firm in London in the 1920's. His son, Richard, having been educated at Rydal and Merchant Taylors', joined the firm in Liverpool in 1920 when he was twenty, became a director at the age of 24, and managing director when his father died in 1927. On the retirement of his uncle in 1946, he became chairman. During the war he was first Deputy Director of Emergency Works, then Deputy Director of Works, at the Ministry of Works. He was given the C.B.E. in 1946 and knighted in 1954. Since 1950 Sir Richard has been chairman of the Harlow Development Corporation and from 1955-57 was chairman of the Export Group for Constructional Industries. To-day the Costain Group is engaged on large constructional projects in many parts of the world. For close on one hundred years its activities have ranged widely over the field of contracting, and the name of Costain is now a familiar one to people not only in the United Kingdom, but also in the Middle East, Africa, Canada and many other places

HOW MUCH IS SPENT ON RESEARCH?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is not too easy to know whether any two business firms, when asked, mean the same thing by the word "research"; so one has to be careful about reading too much into their answers to questionnaires on the subject. However, the results of Government surveys of expenditure and employment in research in British industry, which have recently been published, do seem to indicate the same kind of trends as the page upon page of advertisements for scientists and technologists in British technical journals—and daily newspapers—over the last three or four years: they all suggest that industry is putting vastly more effort and money into research than it was a few years ago.

In 1955, when the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research first attempted to estimate how much was being spent upon research and development in Britain, it came up with some comprehensive (though rather shaky) figuring. It estimated that for the country as a whole perhaps £300,000,000-£325,000,000 a year was being spent. Government laboratories, civil, medical and military, were spending £100,000,000-£150,000,000 a year. Co-operative research associations, universities, technical colleges and other bodies were responsible for work worth £10,000,000-£20,000,000. The remainder, some £190,000,000, was spent in industry, about £185,000,000-worth of it in private industry.

A repeat survey, carried out last year and covering 1958, has recently been published, going over some of the same ground. In particular, it reckons that private manufacturing industry was responsible for the spending of roughly £300,000,000 on research in this later year.

Spending the money on research does not necessarily mean finding the money. In fact, in 1955, nearly two-thirds of the money spent on research and development in British private industry appears to have been paid for by the Government, almost entirely on defence development; so private industry was itself finding only about £60,000,000-£80,000,000. But by 1958, out of a considerably larger amount of work going on in industry's laboratories and development plants, the Government's share had probably dropped to something nearer 45 per cent.; so the amount of money that industry spent itself had roughly doubled—to something over £150,000,000.

One does not arrive at this kind of estimate by totalling the amounts that industry's balance-sheets and accounts show as devoted to research; nor indeed directly by asking all the businessmen in the country to fill in a form saying how much they have spent in the last year. The survey, like so many others taken nowadays, is based on a sample; this one covers practically all the really big companies that do research, and rather smaller proportions as one works down to the myriad small firms which simply can't afford to run much of a laboratory. And the estimate is indirect; using rather more detailed figures about the numbers of scientists and engineers employed on research that had been collected by the Ministry of Labour, the D.S.I.R. applied to these some estimates of the amount of money spent per qualified person that it had obtained from its own inquiries; multiplying the one by the other gives a rough figure for the total expenditure likely to be involved.

The £300,000,000-odd represented what about 26,225 qualified scientists and engineers, assisted by some 87,300 less qualified workers, were doing in laboratories and development departments in 1958. This was about 4,500 more qualified people than in 1955; the expenditure per expert had gone up from some £5,600 a year in 1955 to just on £11,000 each in 1958. Some of this, no doubt, represented the higher salaries that these scarce people have been able to squeeze out of industry, which has been going around universities cap in hand looking for bright young science students actually before they graduate. But most of the increase was the cost of what they were doing—which had gone up in price as well, but which had also considerably increased in terms of complex equipment and services at the research man's command.

This total expenditure—which represents something of the order of 4 per cent. of the total value that manufacturing industry in Britain adds to what it buys for processing—looks quite impressive as an average; but it is an average masking very wide variations in the research spending of different industries. As is well known, aircraft is far in the lead—mainly because this is where the bulk of the defence research on public money has always been carried out. In 1958 its research expenditure amounted to about £100,000,000 (or £31,000 per qualified man). By contrast one might cite iron and steel, which appeared to employ about 640 qualified men in 1958 and to spend perhaps £3,900,000 in its own research departments, though it spent another £1,200,000 on research outside. But one cannot draw too much from such comparative figuring, because the general technology may be more developed and the opportunities for useful development more limited.

These are substantial expenditures, though many people would argue they are still not high enough; one naturally asks what profit industry gets out of them. It is a constant problem for the director of research who has to justify his activity in the boardroom, and few are fortunate enough to have specific examples and accounting to quote on particular products. Some years ago, the research director of I.C.I. expressed it as "If you have more capital arising in the business, or sufficient managerial capacity to justify raising more, than you have 'proposals to manufacture' coming from your research laboratories, then you aren't spending enough. It could, in theory at least, sometimes be the other way around." But much of British business over the last few years, spurred by propaganda and exhortation, has become convinced that in a world where technical advantage is perhaps the main thing, Britain can be sure of selling, increasing expenditures on research and development are an act of faith that it cannot afford not to make.

That is not to say that industry would not like to get better value out of its research establishments. In terms of scientific effort, as well as of eventual profits, there is considerable skill in running a research department properly, and one can cite concerns in Britain which get considerably better value out of their research pound than others. A progressive and scientifically-minded management, if not necessarily a qualified one, tends to help; but much rests upon the personality of the research director. It is not long since industrial research seemed to the brilliant student a field for second-raters who would never make the grade as dons; since then very considerable increases in industrial salaries and, moreover, more realisation that good men should not be wasted on routine mental drudgery has greatly increased the attractions that industry can offer. So has the fact that some of the most rapidly advancing fields of science—for instance, nuclear energy—have always been firmly in the defence or the industrial sphere. Prestige counts quite a lot with the scientist; so do the vastly expensive tools he may get the chance to use.

Being made at the Trafford Park works of Associated Electrical Industries (Manchester) Limited are the coils for the 7 GeV proton synchrotron Nimrod. This machine, to accelerate protons to 7,000,000,000 electron volts, is under construction by the Atomic Energy Authority for the National Institute for Research in Nuclear Science

Various technical advances—such as the computer—can considerably improve the productivity of scientists, simply by cutting out the qualified man-hours that used to be devoted to lengthy and unavoidable calculations; they can also improve the quality of design work, for example, simply by making it possible to carry out series of calculations that simply could not have been attempted before. There are still vital chances for the individualist in science—indeed, quite a number of sceptics are inclined to feel that the main advantage of the big research department is that its thirst for ideas will ensure that original ideas from outside are less likely to be missed.

Be that as it may, the sheer scale of research and development required in some of the advanced technologies is making even giants quail at going it alone. The recent technical arrangements between, for example, Associated Electrical Industries, Parsons and Reyrolle were caused to quite a significant degree by the economies that could be effected in research work on matters that concern them all.

A rear view of the new head office building showing, in the foreground, the old fruiting mulberry-tree

Floodlights and spotlights illuminate the building at night

The ramp leads to the loading bay and garage

Demolishing, in 1958, the house which occupied the site of the new building

A general view of the site at the beginning of February 1959

The front of the building, showing the triple bowl fountain and the canopied main entrance

IN THE NEW BIRMINGHAM

The New Head Office For The Midland Employers' Mutual Assurance Ltd.

The Company Chairman, Mr. Allan S. Barnfield

The decorated window in the entrance hall depicts many of the trades and industries served by the Company

In Birmingham to-day, a new city is being created in the suburbs and surrounding districts. Following the modern trend, industry and commerce are moving from the city centre to new and bigger sites which often include additional space for expansion in the years ahead. At Edgbaston, on the western side of Birmingham, the first large office block to be erected in the area (now being described as a "city in a garden") is the head office of the Midland Employers' Mutual Assurance Ltd. This Company, founded originally in 1898, has moved from its old premises in Waterloo Street, Birmingham 2, about a mile and a half away.

The new building, the main contractor for which was T. G. Construction Co., Ltd. (a member of the Tarmac Group), of Wolverhampton, stands in open ground and occupies the site of the former home of Sir Balthazer Foster, who became the first Lord Ilkeston. In the overall construction plans every effort was made to preserve the trees on the site. Particular attention was paid to the historic mulberry-tree at the rear of the building, and the office block was actually erected 3 ft. farther west than originally planned to avoid damaging its roots. The building is designed for owner-occupation only, and has an area of approximately 85,000 sq. ft. It is T-shaped, with the main section rising to six storeys. The rear wing at present has only three storeys above the basement, but provision has been made for the construction of a further floor at a later date. On this side of the building the basement contains a loading bay, the ramp which leads to it having been fitted with an electrical device to prevent icing up in winter.

The framework of the building is of reinforced concrete, and all the materials have been chosen to minimise the risk of fire. On the main elevation there is a brick base with deeply recessed windows surrounded by slate linings. A wide band of granite-faced concrete above this carries a series of slim vertical fins of stone up to a further heavy granite band at the level of the sill on the fifth floor. At this point the windows are set back abruptly, revealing a wide projecting canopy. The columns on the top storey are clad in Italian glass mosaic. At one end of the building, fixed to the narrow column of brickwork, is the coat of arms of the Company, cast in aluminium. Inside the building, which was to be officially opened on Thursday, May 26, the wings are largely unobstructed by walls. The office space has been divided by glazed steel partitions, and the rooms have been made soundproof by the use of perforated steel tray ceilings filled with an absorbent material.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

DENISE McCANN

The chairman and managing director of the British School of Motoring is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

Miss Denise McCann in her office in Sydney Street, Chelsea

On the Queen's Highway, if nowhere else, the battle of the sexes is still raging. With few exceptions, the average male looks on the average female motorist as far and away the deadliest of the species, to the perpetual delight of cartoonists and comedians. Yet, by a pleasant piece of irony, thousands of misogynists of the road learned to drive at a school run by a woman —forty-three-year-old Denise McCann, who has been chairman and managing director of the British School of Motoring Ltd., since 1957.

The statistics of her empire are impressive: 120 branches throughout Britain, where each week some 3,000 new pupils are enrolled; a fleet of nearly 1,000 cars which travel half a million miles a week, replaced at a cost of more than half a million pounds a year; and a staff of 2,000, of whom all are men except for clerks, secretaries and charwomen.

Thus equipped, the B.S.M. claims to be the largest organisation of its kind in the world. Its controller, a plump, dynamic woman who gives the impression of being perpetually in top gear, has very little time for what she regards as a thoroughly tiresome myth about men making better drivers than women; so little time, indeed, that she prefers not to discuss the subject except to say that, on the whole, women are certainly the better pupils because they are more humble than the stronger sex and therefore take more kindly to instruction as well as to patient study of the Highway Code.

Nor does Miss McCann subscribe to the well-worn theory that most women are necessarily ignorant of, and insensitive to, the mechanical functioning of their cars. On the contrary, she thinks that long experience of the whims of motor-driven household gadgets such as vacuum-cleaners has provided many women with an important ingredient of mechanical know-how—ears highly tuned to detecting any deviations from the well-groomed hum of the healthy engine.

Chelsea-born Miss McCann entered the motoring world by a curious route. Her family were interior decorators, and by the age of twenty she had set up her own successful firm in Sloane Street, not far from the Sydney Street administrative headquarters of the B.S.M. Through her long acquaintance with the late Mr. S. C. H. Roberts, who founded the school fifty years ago, she was asked after the war to re-decorate the branches. It was a big job, for many had suffered bomb damage and most of those that remained in one piece were housed in cramped, back-room premises. Miss McCann's refurbishing operation was so effective that in 1951 Mr. Roberts invited her to join the board of the B.S.M. as a consultant on interior decoration. Her suggestions for improvements were not confined to that department, however, and the following year she was made assistant managing director. When Mr. Roberts died in 1957 she took over control of both the motoring school and the associated College of Aeronautical and Automobile Engineering. Prince Philip is president of the college, which has some 500 students from fifty countries. In addition, Miss McCann runs a car sales firm.

What qualities take a woman to the top of these masculine worlds? Bluntly and a trifle impatiently, Miss McCann summarises them thus: " It 's simply a matter of getting to know your subject so well that you can beat men to it." Asked about the tactical aspect of being the sole woman with a position of any importance in an organisation manned by men with machines, she grinned briefly as she replied: " Remember that I was my own managing director before I was twenty-five; and interior decorating is by no means the airy-fairy sort of business most people imagine—painting one wall black and three pink, and that sort of thing. I had to deal with architects, builders, carpenters, painters, and electricians. And that meant plenty of practice in the art—and it is an art—of getting the best out of people. Including men."

But Miss McCann is not above softening the impact of her masculine driving force with a diplomatic touch of feminine guile. Declaring proudly that she can change a wheel as efficiently as the next man, she adds: " But I never have changed one in my life. Why? Well, why should I if someone else will do it for me? Oh no, I just sit back and look helpless if anything like that happens. Tactics? Well, of course! " She went on to recount a story about a day when she was in the West Country driving one of the first Vanguards. " Something went wrong, I forget now what exactly it was, and I stopped at a little country garage, where the man knew nothing about the car. I got out the instruction book and told him what to do! "

" More and better instruction " is one of Miss McCann's answers to the problem of Britain's growing proneness to road accidents. " And I don't say that because more lessons would be good for business, but simply because the only way to learn to drive properly is by taking professional instruction. Far too many people still take lessons from their relatives or friends. That isn't the way to learn. A person must be taught in a calm atmosphere and it 's impossible to keep that atmosphere with someone you know well." She agrees that it would also help if more people recognised that passing the test is only the first milestone on the road to becoming a good driver.

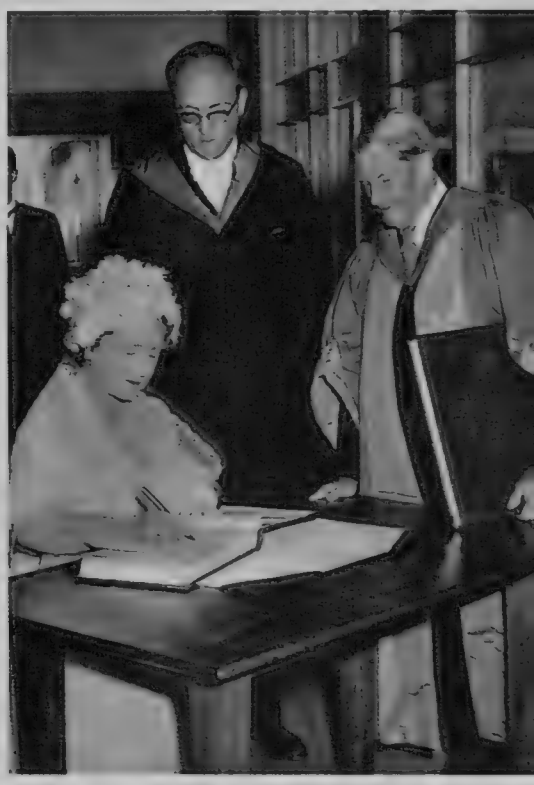
At her office, Miss McCann frequently works late into the night when the building is deserted, and at week-ends. Her home is in Hampstead, but she prefers the seclusion of her week-end cottage on the East Coast which, she says, " doesn't get lived in enough." Sailing, gardening and the theatre are among her spare-time interests, but these come second to her lifelong love of motoring.

She was an enthusiastic driver long before the hobby became her profession, passing her test at the age of twenty after a course of B.S.M. instruction. She is a council member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists and, as one of its founder-members, helped to draw up test routes and formulate rules for would-be members of the aristocracy of the road. Her passion for motoring goes hand in hand with an acute dislike of railway journeys—" I 've travelled in a train only three times since the war," she recalls proudly—and she changes her car as often as other women change their hair-styles. A fast driver, she enjoys handling powerful motors; after meeting her, one feels it would take a very bold man indeed who could pass her on the inside and get away with it.

ROYAL DAYS IN AFRICA

The Queen Mother, who is due to return to London early next week, started her three-week tour of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury. More than fifty public engagements had been arranged for Her Majesty during the tour, one of the first of them being the visit to the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It was the Queen Mother's third visit to the College, and on this last occasion Her Majesty, as President of the College, conferred a number of degrees. A few days later she visited Bulawayo, where she opened the Central African Trade Fair. The most important occasion of the tour was on May 17 when the Queen Mother visited Kariba to inaugurate the great hydro-electric project. She walked along the wall of the dam and later descended by lift to the underground power-house.

The Queen Mother, accompanied by Sir Duncan Anderson, chairman of the Federal Power Board, is looking out from the great curved wall of the Kariba Dam. Her Majesty inaugurated the Kariba hydro-electric project last week



Her Majesty, watched by Viscount Malvern, is signing the University's visitors' book

At Bulawayo, the Mayor introduces officials of the City Council to the Queen Mother, and (right) Her Majesty visits the Central African Trade Fair

At Kariba Gorge, where the Zambesi River divides Southern from Northern Rhodesia, the great dam rises 400 ft. above the river bed. It is about one-third of a mile long. The concrete arch structure will raise the water 350 ft. above the dry season level of the river; the lake formed by the dam will reach back for some 175 miles, and will have a surface area of 2,000 sq. miles

European Hill, dominated by the Kariba Hotel, forms part of the township built by Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd., for workers engaged in the construction of the Kariba dam

VAST POWER FOR CENTRAL AFRICA

Essentially, Kariba dam is a curved wall of concrete 400 ft. high, blocking the path of the Zambezi River and creating the biggest lake ever made by man. (It will stretch when full about the distance from London to Exeter.) The present power station on the Southern Rhodesian shore generates 600 megawatts of electricity, and it will be joined after 1962 by another station on the northern bank of 900 megawatts. In all, this will about double the capacity of all the present sources within Central Africa, at a cost of £113,000,000.

The contracts for the main construction of the dam and the 916-mile transmission network were awarded to the Italian Impresit Consortium. But by the end more than a hundred firms will have contributed to the construction. This includes a number of impressive achievements by British firms—Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd. built the Kariba township to house 10,000 workers, which became the sixth largest town in Central Africa; Associated Electrical Industries are supplying six 100 megawatt generators and Boving and Co. Ltd. the turbines. John Laing and Son Ltd. and the Cementation Company Ltd. carried out contracts, worth about £3,750,000, for a coffer dam, roads, airfields and railheads.

Nothing about Kariba is less than prodigious—in the early days of construction it was estimated that the workmen sweated at the rate of a gallon a day. The difficulties were immense: during the four years of construction, the Zambezi flooded twice, reaching record heights.

Inside the power house, 600 ft. underground, where most of the equipment is British built

BOOKS

LIFE IN BRITISH GUIANA

John Lodwick's Last Novel; A New Writer of Uncommon Ability; The Complete Edition of Romain Rolland's Works; Serious, Humorous and Thrilling Fiction

In America there is a publishing superstition that books about Lincoln, about doctors or about dogs are bound to sell successfully and they are still waiting for the record best-seller which will be called *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*. Over here, the fable extends to titles which have the word " gold " or the name of a river in them. By the same token Mrs. Zahra Freeth's RUN SOFTLY DEMERARA (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) should have more than modest sales. The much-travelled author, who has already been able to write a book contrasting modern Kuwait with the primitive Kuwait of her youth, describes in the present volume her recent experiences in British Guiana, where she lived for four years in a bauxite-mining town on the Demerara River.

Mrs. Freeth quotes some of the typical information she received from well-informed English friends before leaving for South America. " British Guiana? It 's not a place I would choose for a holiday." Or, " There 's nothing to do there except drink." Or, more optimistically, " It's fascinating. You can grow orchids in the back garden." In the event the writer, like all travellers, made all her discoveries for herself, and one of the by-products of her enquiring mind and observant eyes has been this authoritative and still entertaining book.

Last year John Lodwick was killed in a car accident and England lost a brilliantly inventive writer with an inimitable sense of comedy, a flair for adventure and a zest for life which have rarely been equalled. He had completed the novel that was, tragically, to be his last before he died and now we can read, in THE MOON THROUGH A DUSTY WINDOW (Heinemann. 18s.), the final flowering of his talent in the best book he ever wrote. The settings of his story vary from the familiar Spanish scenes of Barcelona and Catalonia, to Madagascar and to Campden Hill. His people, mostly concerned in their several and highly individual ways with love and crime, are moving, exasperating, funny or repellent and always vitally human. They speak with naturalness and behave often fantastically, but never unbelievably. They are characters in every sense of the word. I read this book as slowly as I could to prolong the pleasure and think that many readers will do the same.

WITH LOVE FROM R (Hogarth Press. 18s.) is a first novel by Mr. Edward Pearson, a new writer who has proved with this initial work that he has an uncommon ability for writing about the young, and I say uncommon advisedly, for it seems as rare to find an author who can write about boys and make them speak and behave as boys do, as it is to find one who can write credible Cockney dialogue. It is another odd fact that many literary people rather fancy themselves at both projects. Be that as it may, Mr. Pearson has a real understanding of that complex creature, the boy about to become a young man, and he knows how to convey his comprehension to the reader. His book is serious in intention, and has a genuine measure of distinction.

AT COVENT GARDEN Teresa Berganza has the part of Rosina and Rolando Panerai is Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. An international cast sings Rossini's opera in Italian in the production by Maurice Sarrazin

And now to turn to a novel from America, which is a very amusing affair. Mr. Stanley Price has written about an odious type of compatriot who, being quite excessively rich, is determined to spend some of the money in setting up a foundation which shall bear his name and whose object shall be the bulldozing of his particular political and economic views on the hapless people of Europe. So the Kronk Foundation comes into being and a magazine, to be called *Link*, is projected. To further this plan a young, intelligent and, unhappily for Kronk, sceptical man is enlisted and posted off to England, France and other foreign parts in order to spread the word and solicit contributions to the magazines. His word-spreading is sensationally unsuccessful and the young traveller himself acquires an experienced and delightful mistress. CRUSADING FOR KRONK (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is fun, and intelligent fun. I recommend it enthusiastically.

Fifty years ago was launched in England Romain Rolland's great novel, *John Christopher*, a work which was to lead to his award of the Nobel Prize and to mark him for posterity as one of France's most distinguished men of letters. Now the first volume of the four, DAWN AND MORNING (Heinemann. 18s.), has appeared again, the precursor of a complete edition of the book in Gilbert Cannan's original translation. It will be read—and appreciated—by a generation for whom both title and author may only be words, and that has the makings of a true literary event. In his introduction, Mr. Richard Church writes of " this great work of fiction " and of its influence on his own life as a man of letters.

PACO NEVER FAILS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is a facetious title for a novel which deserves better. The author, Mr. Andras Laszlo, is a Hungarian who was trained in many of the stage techniques in Budapest, has

KHRUSHCHEV'S POLICY

The Importance of Farmlands

The world has watched the recent behaviour of Mr. Khrushchev with bewilderment, for very few of us can do more than hazard what are the pressures of political life in Soviet Russia in the post-Stalinist era. His latest biographer, George Paloczi-Horvath, is a Hungarian by birth who has studied Soviet theory and practice for more than twenty years. In KHRUSHCHEV: THE ROAD TO POWER (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) we are shown a man in a great hurry, his present line the outcome of conflicting tendencies within the leadership and within the apparatus of the Party. His great aim, the author asserts, is to catch up with the U.S.A., and he needs peace and a substantial decrease of international tension and of armaments if he is to lead the U.S.S.R. to this victory within his lifetime. Unfortunately Khrushchev's ambitions are at the mercy of the climate of Kazakstan, the vast region which has suddenly become a major granary of the Soviet Union. In three years under the virgin lands policy to which Khrushchev pledged himself Kazakstan has tripled its farmlands. The battle against a shocking climate goes on, with the aid of hydro-electric schemes, agricultural machinery plants, new towns and cities. On victory in the virgin lands Khrushchev has staked all, according to Mr. Paloczi-Horvath, and it is the key to most of his actions.

The importance of migration in Jewish history has been generally recognised, but, except for statistical investigations, the story of emigration, settlement and adaptation to new surroundings has not received the attention it merits. In THE JEWISH IMMIGRANT IN ENGLAND (Allen and Unwin. 30s.) Lloyd Gartner tells of the immigrants who settled in England between 1870 and 1914. Many thousands found safety and freedom at a time when the lands of Eastern Europe were hostile. The stimulus to Jews to move westward began three centuries ago, but here the author deals with the climatic years when borders were open, transportation relatively safe, fares cheap enough and reasons to leave abundant. Mr. Gartner's detailed presentation shows a wealth of research and a broad humanity.

On August 1, 1958, the United States Navy's submarine *Nautilus* dived into Pacific waters near Alaska to rise four days later from Atlantic depths near the coast of Iceland. It seemed that the centuries-long search for a practical seaway north of Canada had succeeded. NORTHWEST TO FORTUNE (Allen and Unwin. 30s.) is the work of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a distinguished scholar and explorer, who looks back from the tale of the *Nautilus* across the centuries of alternate hope and heartbreak as man searched for this route. This is a fascinating chronicle of competition among nations, companies and people.

Mr. C. J. P. Ionides, a product of Rugby, three different "crammers," with eight years' experience in the South Wales Borderers in India, Burma, and Africa, has been described as one of the most remarkable white hunters working in Africa to-day. His contribution to knowledge is mainly by observation and collection, which he has done in many lengthy, lonely safaris, and he finds a brilliant biographer in the person of Alan Wykes. SNAKE MAN (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is a book vivid with action, but its special virtue lies in the portrait of Ionides himself, a man of humour and eccentricities, an endearing personality, essentially an individualist, but the least pretentious of men.

The religious revolution instituted by Akhnaton, in which he replaced the earlier gods of Egypt to establish the worship of the sun god, is a story of significance. Akhnaton pursued his aims with a feverish fanaticism. Immanuel Velikovsky has made a deep and searching study of the tragic events in the Egyptian royal house. In ŒDIPUS AND AKHNATON (Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.) he identifies the scene and the personages of the Greek Œdipus legend with the life patterns of the family of King Akhnaton. This mingling of myth and history is extraordinarily persuasive.

R. C. E.

lived for a long time in Spain, and there written books in Spanish, and now lives in France where, presumably, he writes in that language, since the present book has been translated from the French by Mr. Peter Mayne. It is a story of Madrid and of a married man whose employ is specialised, to say the least of it. This is a comedy on one level, and satire on another. Altogether, quite a feat of literary arms, and a more compassionate book than you might have expected.

PLEA FOR PARDON (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is the first novel by M. Noel Calef to be translated into English, and reveals the author as one who writes with a memorable sense of tension and a pared-down style, all the better to point the excitement and suspense of a tale of escape. M. Calef has a very practical experience of taut and dramatic writing since his short stories or original scripts have been filmed with much success and the present book is at this moment being filmed in France. It is the story of a deserter who is captured after nine years, refuses to help his defending counsel and escapes in order to explain his predicament to his mistress. The style is slightly spasmodic but effective.

The detective story of the week is Mr. Thurman Warriner's HEAVENLY BODIES (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). It begins with deceptive mildness and, since it features an old archdeacon and a retired estate agent, one might expect a comparably slow development. In fact, the pace of suspicion, possible blackmail, threats and murder, increases in speed page by page and the final solution is by no means deliberate. Recommended.

Vernon Fane

A GREAT WAR MINISTER

Very recent biographies of contemporary politicians have refreshed in our memories the political scene in the prime of Lord Haldane of Cloan. "Refreshed" perhaps is not happily chosen. The jealousies and intrigues in the years round 1914 leave no pleasant taste in our mouths; less still, the mass hysteria of that war which sent into the wilderness from highest office such men as Haldane and Prince Louis when most they were needed. Perhaps if Prince Louis had had an English surname or Haldane had looked like the typical Highland laird of a whisky advertisement, no suspicion would have fallen on them. Haldane did not look like the laird. Though tough, he appeared a man of sedentary habits, more familiar, as indeed he was, with Hegel than with grouse disease. If only he had studied philosophy under Jowett at Balliol instead of picking up so many dangerous notions among the Germans, how different it had been !

And yet what a lot he accomplished : the Woolsack and the Territorial Army which alone made possible that Expeditionary Force which grew into a mighty army of millions and preserved us to fight again a generation later. There have been greater Lord Chancellors, but no greater War Minister. On the political stage, he played a big part with great integrity; indeed, he was one of a triumvirate among the Liberals whose personal integrity has been seldom challenged, Asquith, Grey, Haldane. In a short review of HALDANE OF CLOAN, by Dudley Sommer (Allen and Unwin. 42s.), it is impossible to enter that field, beyond calling the reader's attention to Haldane's letter to Knollys (September 1905), on page 145, on the claim of altruism. As a man, Haldane did not easily make friends or win popularity. He never would explain himself by advertisement and lived an enigma. Yet he could be genial and he understood the good things of life, despite a Calvinistic upbringing from which it cost him agonising appraisement to break away.

I doubt if he was a marrying man. One can sympathise with the second thoughts of the only girl he loved. Still, his life was certainly not a failure, and there is no reason to suppose it was unhappy. For one thing, he was a philosopher of the Ideal. For another he was a realist and he could chalk up a dual success, rare in mortals. He had not only commanded, but deserved, success. Mr. Sommer has written a genuine biography, well-balanced, illuminating and authoritative; a very interesting study of a remarkable and enigmatic character.

John Gore

Dorothy Tutin, as a terrified Viola, prepares for the duel

THEATRE

TWELFTH NIGHT

at

Stratford-upon-Avon

For those people who think that *Twelfth Night* is the most enchanting of all Shakespeare's comedies, Peter Hall's production of the play at the Memorial Theatre provides near conclusive evidence for their case. The third in a series of six comedies to be seen in this season, the production is a revival of the one which visited Leningrad and Moscow in the winter of 1958-59 and received great acclaim. The comedy is set in the Caroline period and the characters are given an air of sparkling youthfulness. As Viola, Dorothy Tutin combines a mischievous urchin appeal with exquisite pathos. Olivia is transformed from a stately lady into a young girl, only too ready to forget her mask of grief, by Barbara Barnett. The high comedy of Malvolio, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek is given witty expression by Eric Porter, Patrick Wymark and Ian Richardson. Max Adrian is the clown Feste, whose sad songs counterpoint the action.

Eric Porter, as Malvolio, carefully adjusts an eyebrow

MOTORING

AMERICAN COMPACT CARS

How Cheap is Car Insurance?
And Other Motoring Topics

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

After road-testing the new Plymouth Valiant, one of America's new compact cars, I am less surprised than ever at the success which is being enjoyed by this and the other smaller U.S. sedans. I have already reported on the Falcon, the Ford Company's "compact." I said it was an attractive car with plenty of room in spite of its modest overall dimensions, that the steering was light and positive and that its 6-cylinder engine was quiet and flexible. The same can be said with truth of the 2.8-litre Valiant. It has a top speed of close on 100 m.p.h., offers the driver a clear field of vision and is a delight to drive. The model I tested was fitted with an automatic gear-box which has push-button control—an arrangement which I found effective as well as novel. The price of the Valiant in Britain has not yet been fixed, but it will be nearly £2,000—twice the price paid in the U.S.

The other U.S. compacts are the rear-engined Chevrolet Corvair, the Rambler of American Motors, and the Studebaker Lark. It was the popularity of the Rambler and Lark, built by two of America's smaller car manufacturers, that prompted the Big Three —General Motors, Ford and Chrysler—to go into large-scale production with compact cars and the collective success of all five adds up to a motoring revolution. It seems that even American motorists are discarding the idea that size and glitter are what matter most when it comes to choosing the family sedan.

The compacts have proved that comfortable, zestful motoring is possible with relatively small cars, that a six-seater is big enough anyway, that they are easier to handle in city traffic and less difficult to park. Though small by American standards, these cars are comparable in size to Britain's Ford Zodiac and Vauxhall Cresta, and it is imported models of this category that are suffering most from the impact of the smaller U.S. cars. In April a quarter of all the cars built in the U.S. were compacts, and it has been predicted that in little more than three years the American "babies" will account for half the total domestic production.

This is the time of year when the chairmen of the big British insurance companies make their annual statements, and once again they are talking about motor insurance in a way which experts interpret as an attempt to "condition" motorists for an early rise in premiums. I personally do not think a substantial increase will be long delayed, though I hope that if and when it comes the insurance chiefs will be more frank than in the past. In comparison with many foreign countries, motor insurance in Britain is cheap. Since 1939 it has risen by only about 90 per cent., whereas in the same period retail prices have gone up by double that amount.

It still costs only between £24 and £39 to insure a Ford Consul comprehensively in Britain, compared with £124 in Belgium and £107 in France. In 1959 the world-wide motor insurance business of the British companies reportedly yielded a premium income of £300,000,000—and a loss of £10,000,000. British motorists have always been a little suspicious of the insurance companies' apparent reluctance to give separate figures for their domestic and foreign motor business. They should make a point of giving this breakdown when next putting up the premiums.

Lord Nuffield, Honorary President of the British Motor Corporation, made one of his rare public appearances to attend the lunch given by the R.A.C. in London and receive the historic Dewar Trophy. This is awarded—not necessarily every year—for Britain's most outstanding technical performance in the automobile world. For 1959 it was awarded to B.M.C. for the development of their new front-wheel-drive 850-c.c. "babies": the Austin Seven and the Morris Mini-Minor. The citation made special mention of the part played by Mr. Alec Issigonis, one of B.M.C.'s leading engineers, in the design of this remarkable little car.

In accepting the Dewar Trophy, Lord Nuffield went so far as to say that Issigonis had shaken the whole world by his latest economy car, as he did once before with his Morris Minor. "It is a wonderful design," he said. Mr. George Harriman, deputy chairman of B.M.C., announced that the corporation was now building Sevens and Mini-Minors at the rate of 3,500 a week. This would rise to 8,000 a week in two years' time.

Tom Wisdom, the well-known journalist who has a habit of *making* motoring news as well as writing it, has just finished a book which should be read by anyone fond of motoring abroad or hoping soon to take his car over to the Continent for the first time. This book—*Touring Abroad*, Odhams, 25s.—is a fascinating mixture of personal reminiscence, practical advice and challenging philosophy. The strong personality of the author shines from every page and you want to read on and on, whether Wisdom is talking about the bullfight that nearly made him sick, the easy way to the French Riviera, the best eating-place in Champagnole, or his 100th Channel crossing on the air ferry.

A new Rolls-Royce Phantom V was delivered to the Queen recently. The modified rear section of the roof is made out of a single piece of moulded Perspex

Britain is a bit late in the field with a car radio which also does duty as a portable. I remember having the use of a Continental model a year ago when I first tried out the Renault Floride in France. At the end of each day's run I pulled the radio from its place under the fascia and took it up to my bedroom. Now a subsidiary of the Ever Ready Company has announced what it claims is Britain's first "car portable."

It is a transistor set measuring only 9½ by 7½ by 3¼ ins., and the price is £27 12s. 3d., including the metal container into which it fits in the car, the car speaker and the built-in battery (with a life of 200 hours) used when the set is taken from the car. The act of pushing the set into its container (normally fixed to the parcel shelf) automatically connects the set with the car battery and speaker. When you pull it out for use during a picnic lunch or in the hotel, the receiver's built-in battery is switched on. An extra benefit is that this kind of set is covered by one's domestic B.B.C. licence whereas a separate licence is required for an ordinary car radio.

Britain's first motorway—M1, linking London with Birmingham—has now been open more than six months and is proving the best advocate for better roads that Britain has ever had. It is a first-class engineering job and is fully living up to the claims made for it under the headings of time saved and accident prevention. It has provided exciting new motoring for British motorists who had never sampled autobahnen or autostrade. It has also siphoned off large volumes of traffic from other roads. I find myself making for M1 even if it entails a longer journey, for I know it will be quicker, that I shall enjoy it more and that I shall finish my day's motoring much fresher than if I had had to contend with Britain's traffic chaos throughout my run.

The construction of motorways is only one contribution to the many-sided problem of road safety, but it is an important one, and the success of M1 is a fine advertisement for highways which provide an uninterrupted traffic flow without cross-roads or traffic lights.

In a line or two. . . . Motorists in London who dial "Renault" (otherwise REN 2858) find themselves talking to the sales information service of Metropolis Garages, who claim to be Britain's largest distributors of Renault cars. An employee discovered by accident that this number was "spare." An American-designed car ashtray, which uses the induction vacuum to suck cigarette-ash into a hidden container, is on sale in Britain, price £3 10s.

Some of the forty Mark 9 Jaguars ordered by the Nigerian Government are on their way to Tilbury Docks. One of the largest block orders for Jaguars, they are painted in the Nigerian national colours of green and white

Putting the finishing touches to the aluminium casting of the MIDLAND ASSURANCE Coat of Arms which emblazons the front of the building, high above the main entrance.

MIDLAND MILESTONE

Thursday, May 26th, 1960, is indeed a 'milestone' in the history of MIDLAND ASSURANCE, for it marks the opening of the Company's magnificent new Head Office and the beginning of an exciting future of continuing progress and success.

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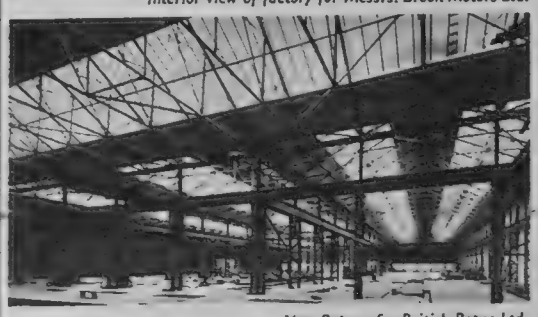
THE STEADY GROWTH OF THE "MIDLAND"

DATE	PREMIUMS	ASSETS
1899	£12,188	£12,865
1919	£136,878	£253,762
1939	£1,281,759	£2,036,796
1959	£5,525,915	£18,781,402

NOW and in the future...STEELWORK

Interior view of factory for Messrs. Brook Motors Ltd.



New Ropery for British Ropes Ltd.

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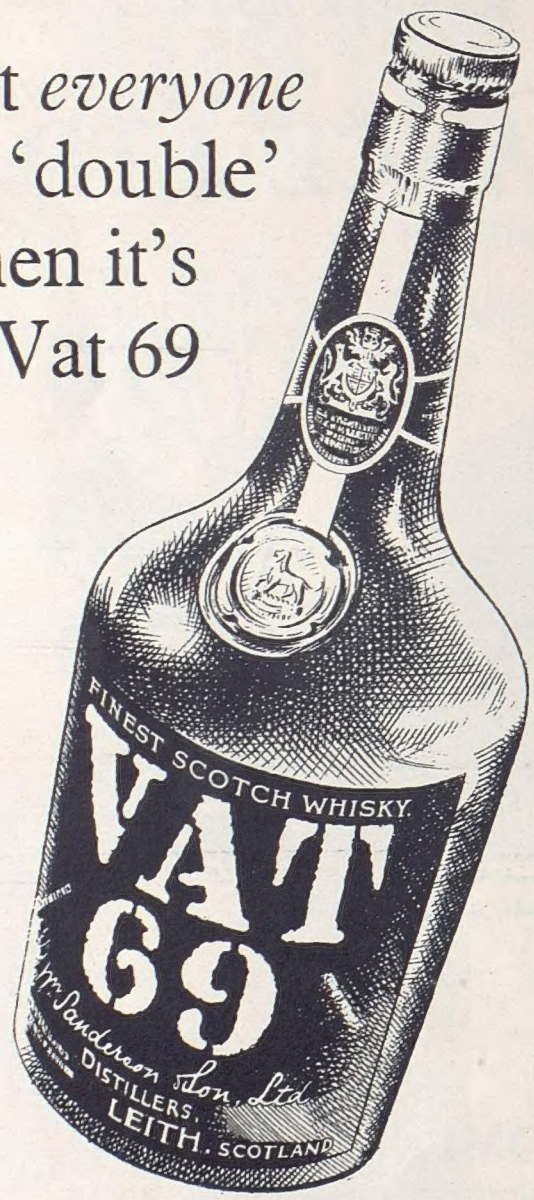

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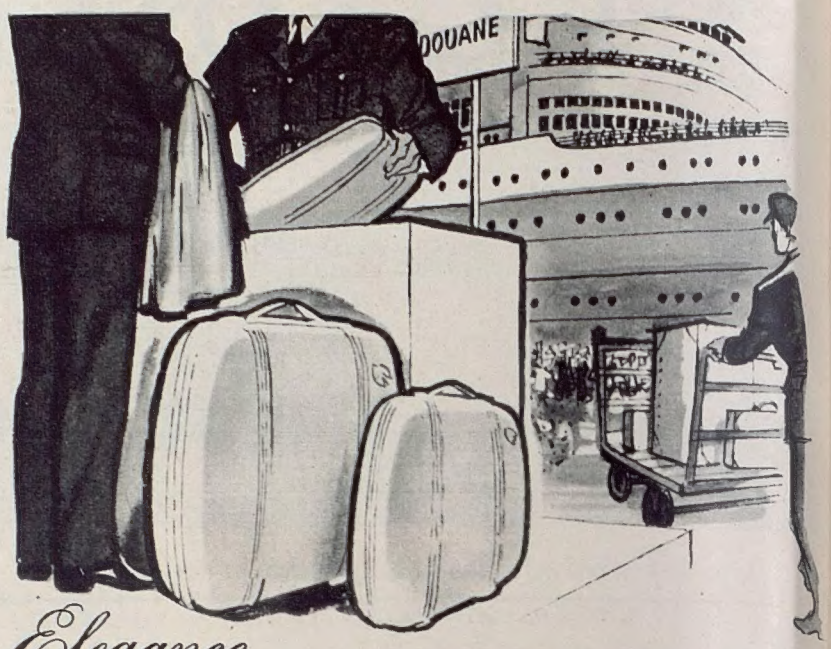

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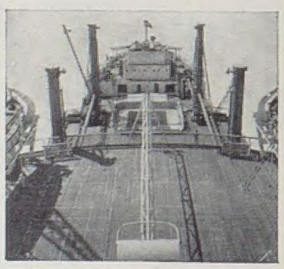
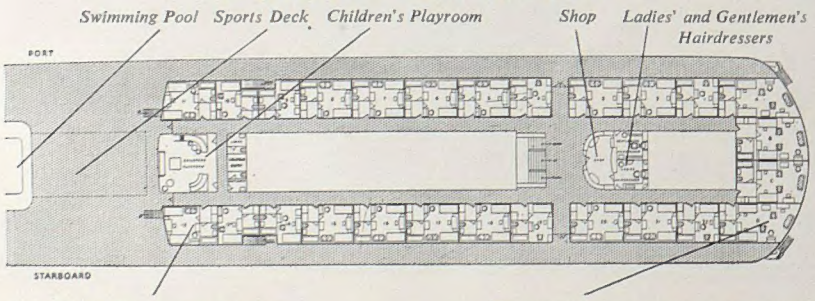


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, drawing-room and library.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



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